H B Smith

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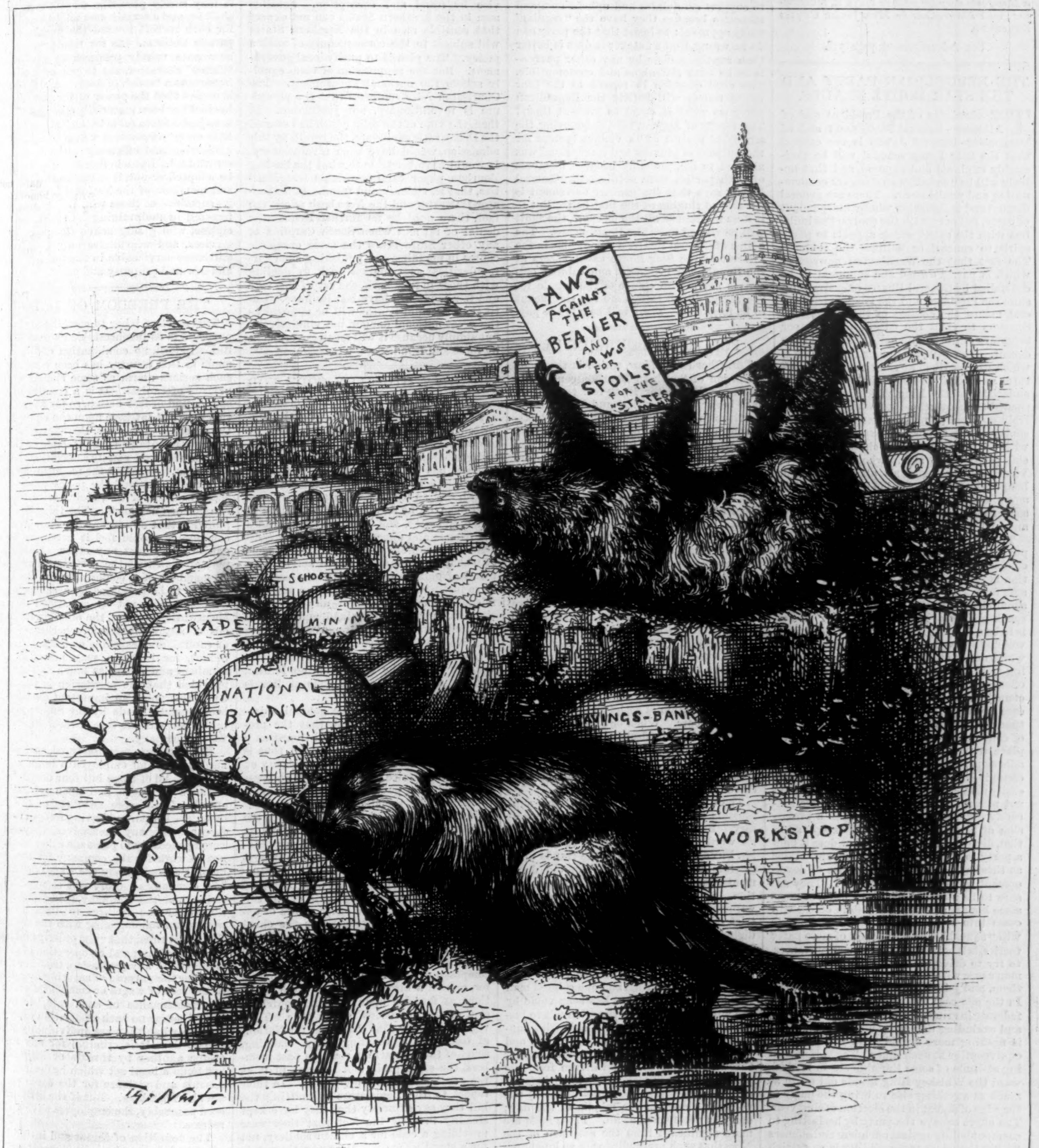

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See Advertisement, page 338.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS.

THE character of the President and of Attorney-General MACVEAGH and of Postmaster-General JAMES is the earnest that the Star Route scandal will be thoroughly explored and exposed, and that nobody will be "saved" who deserves condemnation and punishment. There are general disgust and indignation wholly independent of party, not only with the contract swindle, but with the spirit which appeals to party spirit to conceal or palliate the robbery. The fact that the Washington newspaper which is partly owned and supposed to be controlled by General BRADY offensively insults the President and the Postmaster-General, makes the contest of the Republican Senators to elect the editor of the paper Secretary of the Senate neither dignified nor decent. The DORSEY dinner in New York, which we described at the time as "queer," turns out to have been probably one of the audacities of the Ring, which craftily persuaded eminent gentlemen who are not actively engaged in politics, except by liberal contributions to election expenses, to cover with the glamour of their character and social position the agent who, according to Vice-President ARTHUR'S plain intimation, bought the October election in Indiana. We agree with the New York *Times* that the sooner Republican alliance with such agents and such actions is broken the better.

The usual party reply to the Republican papers which unequivocally condemn the conduct that places the party in this position is that censure of Republicans and of acts for which the party is held responsible should be left to the Democrats, and that to speak plainly of swindles and other crimes is to be a deputy Democrat. The spirit from which this reply springs is precisely that which defeats the party. There can be nothing more inane than to conceal or extenuate offenses for which the party is held to account, and which are committed by men who care no more for the principles of a party than for insects in the planet Mars. A ring of contractors and their abettors in public place are merely public robbers, who profess adhesion to the dominant party simply because it is in power. If they could steal as easily under another party, principles would not prevent. Indeed, nothing is more sincerely despised by such men than a profession of principle of any kind except addition, division, and silence. How does it help a party to try to hush up such transactions as those which are now in course of development in the postal contracts? They are sure to be revealed sooner or later, because some honest and vigilant public officer will come into authority, or some confederate will "squeal." As a question of mere party tactics, is it better, under such circumstances, to try to drive the party into making common cause with the swindlers, or to denounce them, and join lustily in the hue and cry? In the one case the party appears as a confederate in crime, in the other as condemning and excluding unworthy associates. There is nothing more stupid than the policy of equivocation at such times. The half-shielding attitude of some Republicans in 1876 toward the Whiskey Ring frauds did quite as much as anything else to bring the party to the edge of defeat in the election of that year. The effort to save the party by hesitating to come out boldly against offenders and offenses within the party responsibility is an ostrich policy as imbecile as it is contemptible. It never outwits the country. The public is quite intelligent enough to decide whether an ill-doer is peremptorily rejected by his party, or whether his performances indicate the general party tone and drift.

Undoubtedly a dominant party is held responsible for the whole course of administration, and the choice of agents who prove to be knaves is one of the misfortunes which a party can not escape. But at least it can make the best and not the worst of it. Now the policy of equivocation is making the worst and not the best of it. Public opinion is sure to deal justly with the matter; and if a party suffers, it suffers not unjustly, because an agency must be judged by its efficiency and integrity. To say that a party fouls its own nest when its press and its orators plainly expose and vigorously denounce the misdeeds of fellow-partisans is as foolish as to say that a merchant fouls his own nest if he does not wink at cheating and forgery in his business. The risk of defeat at the polls is the penalty which every party pays for maladministration of any degree, and if the mere appeal to party feeling could rally the whole party to shield offenders, every honorable man would feel that no evil was so threatening as party. To vote for a party through thick and thin; to support candidates and uphold men and measures because they have the "regular" party approval; to insist that the party can do no wrong, that whatever it does is better than anything done by any other party—is to be both ridiculous and contemptible. The vital question in regard to the Star Route frauds will be, did the Republican party do what it could to prevent them? The report of August, 1876, denouncing the straw-bid system as "a vicious system for the purpose of plunder and corruption," was allowed to die, probably because members of both parties were implicated. General BRADY says that the present movement is the second ringing of the first bell. But if it does not arouse all the sleepers, the fault will be visited upon the Republicans. The editor of General BRADY'S paper, who, in the interest of the Star Route cabal, sneers at the Republican President and cabinet officers, is not a wise choice of the Senate for Secretary. Such things are too significant to be forgotten. There will be a bill to pay.

POLITICAL BOURBONISM.

THE Charleston *News*, which is the leading organ of Southern Bourbon sentiment, admits with Senator HAMPTON that there have been "irregularities" and frauds in the elections in that State, but it boldly justifies them by the right of revolution. It says that what was done in 1876, in 1878, and in 1880—that is, the violence and fraud by which American citizens were deprived of their fundamental right—was necessary. But it holds it to be no longer necessary. The Democratic party having resolved, as it says, "to carry the elections by hook or by crook," and having succeeded, the colored vote being disciplined and suppressed, the process is no longer necessary. The colored voters were not murdered and harried, and the boxes filled with tissue ballots, says the *News*, in effect, merely to give the offices to one set of men rather than to another, but to assure the very existence of the people. The plea is not new. "I," said LOUIS NAPOLEON, as he shot down the Parisians in crowds, and shipped them by thousands to Cayenne—"I am the savior of society." That imperial worthy continued the salvation of society in similar ways for some years. When one body of citizens announce that the destruction of the equal rights of another body is indispensable to the peace of the community, it is mere anarchy, and not bloody anarchy only because there is no resistance.

The Charleston *News* says that this suppression of equal rights is no longer necessary. But certainly it can not expect that its word will be taken upon the subject. Mr. FRYE'S illustrations of the frauds upon electors were not drawn from old documents, but from the records of the last election. So the reports of the examination of witnesses in the Fifth Congressional District of South Carolina show by uncontradicted testimony that at Edgefield Court House nearly 2000 colored Republicans were not allowed to vote; at Johnstone's, in the same county, 400 or 500 colored voters were prevented from voting, and one colored man was killed, and no effort has been made by the authorities to bring the criminals to justice. At other places in the district cannon were planted, barricades erected, and the voters assaulted with Cayenne pepper thrown in their eyes, and driven from the polls; the supply of Republican tickets for certain polls was seized and destroyed; one poll was closed in the middle of the day; one was not opened at all. These facts are more significant than the assertion of the *News* that such proceedings are no longer necessary. They show that what was thought to be necessary four and five years ago is thought to be necessary now, and that nothing can be more unmanly than the denials of Southern Democratic Senators, except their assertions that Maine and Massachusetts are as bad as South Carolina. There were great electoral frauds of the Southern kind in New York in 1868, in TWEED'S palmy day, and they led to the passage of laws which insure honest elections so far as the ballot-boxes are concerned.

We are not unmindful of the plea for the suppression of the colored vote. It is the assertion that intelligence and property and character can not submit to be ruled by ignorance and dishonesty, and that the most conservative and patriotic Northern community would do just what the whites in South Carolina do if it were turned topsy-turvy by election laws. To this, however, the reply was made by the President in his inaugural address. He admitted the danger that arises from the ignorance of the voter, and that bad local government is an evil which ought to be prevented. But he truly added that suicide is not a remedy. The violation of the freedom of the ballot is a crime which, if continued, will destroy the government itself. The Southern Bourbon policy is the correction of ignorance and vice by fraud and corruption. Sensible men in the Southern States can not expect that sensible men in the Northern States will submit to the consequences of such a policy. The plea is to purify local government. But the suppression of votes equally affects the national government. The Charleston *News* confesses that the procedure is revolutionary, but justifiable. If, then, the vote of the solid South had elected the Democratic candidate, the result, by this admission, would have been revolutionary. It would have been due to what the leading Bourbon paper calls justifiable irregularities, that is, violence and fraud. Since Senator HAMPTON and the *News* both admit the fact, there need be no further Democratic denial of it; and when South Carolina or any other State takes the same energetic course in pursuing and punishing such "irregularities" as Congress took in dealing with those in New York, the cry of free vote and fair count will have lost its force. Until then a "solid South" will be opposed as the great national danger, not vindictively, but simply because it will mean government by force and fraud.

THE NEW MILITARY CODE FOR NEW YORK.

THE revised military code, recently submitted to the Legislature of New York by the commission appointed to revise, amend, and consolidate the existing laws upon the subject, has been vigorously opposed by many distinguished officers of the National Guard, and as warmly sustained by others. There can be no doubt of the equal intelligence, sincerity, and high purpose of both the friends and opponents of the new codification. They are all eminent officers, some of whom on both sides are in active command of gallant regiments whose services have justly won public admiration and confidence. The suspicion of unworthy motives can not be entertained, and it is remarkable, under the circumstances, how positive the disagreement is. Friends and foes of the proposed code have had a full hearing before the Committee on Militia, and the enactment of the code as law is still pending.

The objectors urge three general objections to the revision: first, that the proposed code treats the National Guard as a regular or standing army; second, that it destroys the attraction and agreeability of the militia service; third, that it enlarges improperly the powers of the commander-in-chief. The proposed regulations about uniforms are objected to as injurious to the identity of different organizations, and as part of the levelling and discouraging tendency of the whole scheme; and it is strongly alleged that the abolition of rifle practice would be manifestly the destruction of one of the most valuable parts of the soldier's duty. There are other points of opposition, but these are perhaps the chief. If they were unchallenged and unanswerable, the argument would seem to be fatal to the proposed code. But the commission, composed of officers of the highest character, oppose a direct answer to these objections as founded upon total misapprehension of the provisions of the code. They vigorously deny that they treat the National Guard as a standing army, claiming, some of them as active, some as past members, the same pride and interest in it as the gentlemen of the opposition. In their report to the Legislature submitting the bill they say expressly that they have kept steadily in view the fact that they were providing a code for a citizen soldiery, not for a standing army. Moreover, they state in the report that they have not sought to make any general radical changes, but merely to modify and abridge as experience has shown to be expedient.

The advocates of the new code also insist that it does not interfere, as alleged, with the attractiveness and agreeability of the National Guard service. When the Guard is on duty, it is subject, under the old code as under the new, to the military law, which is the same for regulars, volunteers, and militia. This constitutes the difference between the independent organizations and the National Guard. The friends of the proposed code argue that it makes the service not less, but more, attractive; that it lightens the duty, reduces the fines, permits dress uniforms when the State has not summoned the Guard to duty, and in no way or degree whatever interferes with the social feeling of the corps. The new code, indeed, requires the same uniform, but the present code vests in the commander-in-chief the power to enforce uniformity should he think fit. It is not a new suggestion, but has been urged by adjutant and inspector generals for several years. Nor is it proposed that the State uniform should supersede parade uniforms for regiments that choose to adopt them, except when they are ordered into State service. If the State furnishes the uniform, it may surely prescribe what the uniform shall be, and a certain sum might be allowed for each recruit toward the purchase of a parade uniform. As for rifle practice, the new code merely proposes to abolish its "fancy" character, not to put an end to so important a branch of duty. And finally, it is denied that the power of the commander-in-chief has been materially enlarged. There is so just a State pride in the National Guard that every proposition which affects its organization and efficiency will be carefully scrutinized. But whether the proposed code be adopted or not, it is the work of friends and members of the National Guard, not of its enemies—of those who are honorably interested in maintaining its spirit and discipline, who gladly acknowledge its great services, and who desire only to make it still more serviceable in the defense of life and law and property and order.

THE FREEDOM OF LABOR.

THE right of labor to combine for lawful purposes is as incontestable as that of capital. Indeed, no combination of labor yet made in this country has been a source of such serious alarm as some similar combinations of capital. It is a country of free speech and of free action, so far as such action does not infringe upon the equal liberty of others. The law, therefore, has very properly maintained the principle of trades-unions, which are merely associations to protect labor. Whether the measures adopted by such unions and the policy pursued by them be wise or not, their entire legality can not be questioned. The thing to be deplored is that any interest or class in a free community should feel it necessary to organize as against any other. Nothing is plainer than that the common interests of all members of a community are the same, and are to be promoted by a common good understanding, not by an armed distrust. Meanwhile, however, the only lawful methods of any combination, whether of labor or capital, are peaceable methods. Trades-unions, for instance, may persuade their members and others as much as they will, provided that the persuasion is peaceable. Upon this point an important decision has been recently made by the Supreme Court in this State in the case of the Johnson Harvester Company.

The company manufactured agricultural implements, and employed a large number of men. All of these but four demanded an advance of wages, and upon refusal they struck. They were members of the Iron-moulders' Union, and having refused to work for the company themselves, they endeavored peaceably to persuade other workmen not to work for the company for any price until it agreed to pay the wages demanded. The company's factory was stopped by the strike, and the company held that it was illegal for the strikers to dissuade other workmen from engaging with the company. The Court ruled that "the orderly and peaceable assembling and co-operation of persons employed in any profession, trade, or handicraft for the purpose of securing an advance in the rate of wages or compensation, or for the maintenance of such rate," is lawful. But of course no such association of persons may do what they are individually forbidden to do. It is criminal for any man to coerce another by threats or intimidation not to do a legal act which he desires to do. Assault and violence for the same purpose are also forbidden. But if the strikers proceed peaceably, the employers have no legal redress.

The definition of threat and intimidation must be left to a jury. "Boycotting" in a disturbed district in Ireland, for instance, could easily become the severest intimidation. But Boycotting is as old as our Revolution. Its principle appears in the colonial leagues not to buy English goods, and in some places in the colonies Tories were practically denied fire and water. Under certain circumstances, treatment short of actual violence may be as fatal as the Quaker's process: "Friend, I will not drown thee, but I will hold thee under water until the breath departs from thy body." But no man by joining a trades-union or any other voluntary association loses his rights as a citizen. The rules of any association bind those only who are members. If a member violates the rules, he may be expelled, but he can not be punished with violence. The discipline of a trades-union, like that of a political club, must be moral discipline. If a member has agreed not to work except for certain wages, and then agrees to take less, the union may expel him, and its members may refuse to associate with him, and brand him as a renegade, as social clubs put dishonorable members in Coventry, but they can do no more. The Harvester case has been appealed. But if the workmen used moral dissuasion only, their defense seems to be complete.

THE NEW YORK NOMINATIONS.

The President has made a great mistake. In nominating certain persons to be attorneys and marshals for New York, he declared that in his judgment they were fitted for the posts to which they were designated. He has withdrawn the nominations, apparently not because he has discovered that he was deceived, but because he supposed that another nomination might be defeated. If, indeed, the event should show this view to be erroneous, we shall be extremely glad. From the ordinary point of view that such offices are spoils, and that they may be properly made counters in a game for ascendency between politicians and parties and factions of parties, the action of the President can not be censured. The whole Conkling school of politicians and their organs can have nothing to say. Mr. Conkling, for instance, has wholly disregarded his constitutional duty as a Senator in seeking to defeat a nomination, not on grounds of character or fitness, but solely of personal preference. In the "mill" of spoils, to which he is devoted, he has received a tremendous counter; and all spoilsmen are silenced, for this is a blow at them with their own weapons. But the Presidential office is lowered when its incumbent descends to take part in such a contest.

The withdrawal of these nominations throws doubt and suspicion upon the Executive action. It suggests that they were not made for the benefit of the service, but for some other purpose, and it raises a question whether all other nominations have been determined by the same considerations. There can be but one sound rule for the Executive, and that is to discard all personal and factional considerations in the exercise of the appointing power, and trust to the good sense of the country. To attempt to use "patronage" as a means of securing "harmony" is to forget that it is patronage which destroys harmony. To suppose, in the New York case, that Mr. Conkling would be "placated" by the nomination of some of his henchmen, was to forget that Mr. Conkling can be "placated" only by having his own way in every detail. It was useless, therefore, even from the patronage point of view, to attempt to "placate" that gentleman except by a complete surrender to his dictation of appointments.

The contest which is now plainly opened in the party is personal. It is not one of principle, and therefore it does not appeal on either side to the sympathy of Republicans who see in spoils and patronage the pest of politics and the danger of the party. Mr. Conkling represents the grossest kind of prostitution of place to party, but unfortunately the Administration can not be said as yet to represent a higher principle. Those who most applaud its action in the New York appointments are those who do not so much object to a machine as to the present engineers of the machine. But there is an important body of voters who would abolish the machine altogether. They regard a merely personal conflict without sympathy, and can see in the present situation only a most striking and startling illustration of the evils of the malign doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils. The dignity of the Senate has never been more seriously injured than by its agreement about "contested" and "uncontested" nominations. The constitutional duty of the Senate is to act upon nominations properly made, whether a Senator "contests" them or not. But the dignity of the Presidency also is impaired when the executive authority is exercised for any other purpose than that of securing efficient and economical public service. We trust that the President will yet see that his surest reliance is upon that general public support which will be certainly accorded to an Administration which disdains personal politics.

COLONIAL LIFE IN AMERICA.

A Short History of the English Colonies in America is a very valuable contribution to our historical literature. The author, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, has already shown in his *Life of George Cabot*, in his papers upon Timothy Pickering and Caleb Strong, and in his historical articles, not only a scholarly familiarity with American history, but a fine literary instinct, which makes his treatment at once forcible and felicitous. His present work is the most important that he has done, and it gives us what has been long wanted—a brief but thorough history of the colonies, from their settlement to the Revolution, including not only the political development, but a picture of the social and domestic life and manners of the people.

This important task could not have been better fulfilled than by Mr. Lodge. He has written a very complete comparative study of colonial political and social life. To the political annals of each colony he allots a chapter which is a clear and interesting summary of its general progress. It is necessarily a rapid survey, but it is not dry or perfunctory, and it will be of peculiar value to the great multitude of readers who can not find time for the larger works of Bancroft or Hildreth or Gay. The political chapters are followed by one upon the general condition of each colony in 1765, which is the result of very wide research, and which is in each case a vivid and charming picture.

Mr. Lodge has evidently consulted every authority, and he has collected a miscellany of curious information, which he reproduces with a delightful freshness and raciness. But he is not an annalist and chronicler merely. He is a sagacious student of politics and history, and his interpretation of the situation and the development of the colonial life into national life is just and admirable. We do not mean, of course, that there will be no differences of opinion as to his conclusions. His view of the settlement of Rhode Island, for instance, and of Roger Williams's doctrine of "soul liberty," which was very different from toleration, will hardly satisfy a son of Rhode Island. Roger Williams was a more significant figure than the one which Mr. Lodge portrays. But his book is to be commended unreservedly as one of the most important of recent publications, and a permanent addition to American literature.

POLITICAL AND NON-POLITICAL OFFICES.

The Boston Daily *Advertiser* very truly says that great political offices are of course exempt from the conditions that should govern appointments to non-political positions. The Postmaster-General, for instance, is one of the political advisers of the President, and must be selected at his pleasure and in accordance with his view of the best way of promoting the general policy of which his election is the popular approval.

This is true; but it is equally true that the popular designation of Mr. James to the Postmaster-Generalship shows the general sense, never more plainly expressed, that proved executive capacity is a cardinal qualification for the cabinet position which especially requires administrative talent. It is, in fact, the instinctive approval of fitness as the important consideration, and that is the principle of reform.

Moreover, until the spoils system is arrested, the choice of his cabinet will be left less and less to the judgment of the President. The personal influence which is the great evil of the patronage system never showed itself to be so insolent and impertinent as in the attempted dictation to President Garfield of members of his cabinet. In order, therefore, to insure the wise and free choice of high political officers, selection for the minor places by proved merit should be the aim of those who see the evils of the existing practice.

COLLEGE TROUBLES.

During the last week trouble has appeared in two colleges of high character—Dartmouth College and the University of the City of New York. In both institutions the difficulty takes something of the same form—a difference between the President and the Faculty. In the University of the City of New York a resolution has been adopted by the Council to close the academic department, apparently because of the small attendance of pupils and the poverty of the institution, and to concentrate all its forces upon the post-graduate or higher academic department, and upon the scientific schools. The Chancellor or President, Dr. Crosby, warmly approves the plan, but the academic faculty object.

The remarks of Professor John W. Draper upon the subject are peculiarly interesting. He is president of the scientific faculty, and has been a professor in the University more than forty years, having been one of the six persons who founded the medical college, of which for more than a quarter of a century he was president, and of whose founders he is the sole survivor. Dr. Draper's sketch of the achievements of the faculty of science of the University is very striking. In his laboratory Professor Morse tested by experiment the practicability of the electric telegraph. The first photographic portrait of a human head was taken by Professor Draper in his laboratory. There also the spectroscope was first used in America, and the professor discovered some of the facts and laws of spectrum analysis which are now adopted as part of scientific knowledge. The daily work of his laboratory has been published in two large volumes, and diffused in every civilized country. Besides this, Professor Henry Draper has published a very beautiful diffraction spectrum, of which steel engravings have been made in France and Italy. He has proved the existence of oxygen in the sun, and has photographed spectra of many of the stars, and, within a few months, the great nebula of Orion. This is thought by many most eminent scientific men in Europe to open the way to the solution of the grandest of all scientific problems—the genesis of worlds.

Professor Draper asks with natural pride whether any American college has made richer contributions to science, or given a more favorable impression to the great world of scholars. He opposes the abolition of the academic faculty, because there is money enough to continue, and the number of students is no test of the excellence of a school. It is evident that no change would be a benefit to the University which should involve the loss of the services of such professors as Dr. Draper and his associates, or of the prestige of their scientific work. These should be retained in any event. But an academic department in immediate competition with the more fully endowed advantages of Columbia College may probably languish, and the desirability of its continuation may obviously be a question. There can hardly be two first-rate universities in the same city.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The musical festival conducted by Dr. Damrosch at the Seventh Regiment Armory was very successful, and shows how cordially the city responds to such great enterprises. The music was of the highest character, and the training of the chorus and the orchestra was so thorough that the result has been most gratifying. Of course the theory of such a series of concerts is that the works can be presented under the circumstances more fully and satisfactorily than otherwise, and this consideration determines the character of the works.

But the most famous soloists also are associated with such occasions. Malibran sang at the Birmingham festivals long ago, and Jenny Lind, we believe, also; and at this festival in New York, Gerster and Cary and Campanini and Whitney have been most warmly welcomed. Now that the beginning has been so auspiciously made, there is no doubt that we may expect to hear at future festivals the most distinguished virtuosos in every department.

The attendance at the festival has been very great, and the huge room is found to be admirably adapted for hearing. Even the solo voices, although necessarily somewhat attenuated in so vast a space, were clearly heard in every part of the hall, while the volume of the chorus was magnificent. The care of details in arrangement and in seating the audience was excellent, and there was no serious drawback to the complete enjoyment of the occasion. It is pleasant to think of the festival as the first of a long series. That for next year is already projected, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, whose name is the guarantee of another musical festival worthy of the city and of the country.

PERSONAL.

At the approaching centennial at Yorktown, General Johnston Jones, of North Carolina, will wear a sword—a genuine Toledo blade—presented by Charles III., King of Spain, to George Washington, and by him given to General Jones's grandfather, who was an aide to General Lafayette during the Revolutionary war, and was present at the Yorktown surrender. It was also worn by General Jones's father, Cadwallader Jones, the third of that name in the direct line of descent, as colonel of the Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, in the late war.

—By the death of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone has at his disposal a pension of $10,000 a year, which Lord B. had received for thirteen years. Lord Cairns has a pension of $25,000 a year as ex-Chancellor, as has Lord Hatherly; Earl Cowley has $8500 for diplomatic services, as have Lord Napier and Viscount Eversley. Mr. Shaw Lefevre has $20,000 as ex-Speaker, and Mr. Spencer Walpole $10,000 as an ex-Minister.

—The "chums" of President Garfield, so frequently mentioned in correspondence from Washington, are as follows: D. G. Swaim, Judge-Advocate-General of the United States Army, who was a classmate of Garfield's at Williams College, and appointed to the position he holds by Mr. Hayes at Garfield's request; Colonel Rockwell, of the Quartermaster's Department of the army, assigned by Garfield to the position of Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds in Washington, who was also a classmate of the President at Williams College; Lionel Sheldon, appointed by Garfield Governor of New Mexico, who served as lieutenant-colonel of Garfield's regiment in the war; General W. S. Boynton, a gentleman of leisure, who makes Washington his home when Congress is in session, and Saratoga when the weather is warm; Captain Henry, who served on Garfield's staff in the war, and who is to take Fred Douglass's place as Marshal of the District of Columbia; and E. V. Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, who wrote Garfield's life, and served for years as clerk of his committee when a member of the House.

—Mr. Brush, the inventor of the electric light, was at one time so impecunious that a call loan of five dollars was difficult to negotiate. He now has the consolatory income of $1000 a day.

—Mr. Thomas Sherman, only son of the General, was recently admitted to the Catholic priesthood by Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore.

—Mr. E. B. Morgan has made another donation of $10,000 to Wells College, Aurora, New York, making $160,000 in all that he has given to that institution.

—Mr. Lowell presided at the annual dinner of the Library Fund in London on the 4th inst., and made a neat speech. Among the guests were Lord Derby, Lord Coleridge, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and Viscount Enfield.

—Mr. Whitelaw Reid recently delivered an address at the opening of a new town-hall in Xenia, Ohio, his native place, in which, after reviewing its growth and the growth of the State, he made a spirited protest against the complaint that there are too many Ohio men in office, and predicted that an Ohio man will succeed President Garfield.

—Mrs. Farragut recently said of the Admiral: "Though my husband was not a member of the Church until within a few years previous to his death, he never ate a meal without first asking God to bless it, and never undertook any great work without invoking His aid."

—Colonel Pulsifer, of the Boston *Herald*, has given $1000 to the Carney Hospital, of Boston.

—The many friends of John G. Whittier, Thomas B. Aldrich, and W. D. Howells will be gratified to hear of the handsome bequest of $5000 made to each of them in the will of the late James T. Fields, payable upon the death of his widow, unless she provide otherwise by will. He gives, without this condition, sums of $3000 and $5000 to the Boys' High School, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the Girls' High School, at the same place, and the Harvard Benevolent Society, of Portsmouth; also $5000 each to the Home for Aged Colored Women of Boston, Home for Aged Men of Boston, the Deham Home, the New England Freedmen Aid Society, and the Kneeland Street Hospital. To the Harvard College library he gives the manuscripts of his books and poems, and to the Dartmouth College library one hundred volumes, to be selected from his library by the president of the college.

—It is mentioned in recent London papers that Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister at Washington, will probably succeed Lord Dufferin at St. Petersburg, and that Sir Austin Henry Layard will succeed Sir Edward at Washington. Sir Austin Layard is now sixty-four, and since 1845, when he commenced digging up those wonderful specimens of Assyrian art which now enrich the British Museum, has led a busy life. Commencing as a newspaper correspondent, he successively became attaché to the embassy at Constantinople, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, member of Parliament, and Minister at Madrid and Constantinople.

—Mr. Millais, the English painter (and brother-in-law of Mr. Lester Wallack), is probably the only painter that ever lived who had at one time orders for portraits the money value of which is $200,000.

—The gift of $200,000 by Silas Bronson to the city of Waterbury, Connecticut, for a library, $175,000 of which must be kept as a permanent fund, now amounts to $225,000, leaving $50,000 with which to put up a building and buy land. The sum is deemed sufficient for a suitable building, but not for the land also, and so the Legislature has just passed a resolution authorizing the city to purchase a suitable lot of land, not exceeding an acre, and present it to the library.

—Lord Lorne has $50,000 a year and a furnished house as Governor-General of Canada. His wife has $30,000 a year from Parliament, besides a *dot* of $150,000. Altogether the young people have about $100,000 a year upon which to rough it.

—Mr. Charles H. Northam, a wealthy citizen of Connecticut, has given to Trinity College, Hartford, $40,000 for the erection of a new dormitory. It will stand between the two halls, and will connect them, thus filling out the beautiful line of buildings.

—M. Ernest Legouvé says this to his granddaughter: "The people who praise you to your face and laugh at you behind your back say, 'Ah! all clever people write badly.' Answer by showing them, as I have shown you a hundred times, letters of Guizot, Mignet, and Alexandre Dumas the elder, which are models of calligraphy. Write well, my child—write well. Pretty writing in a woman is like tasteful dressing, a pleasing physiognomy, or a sweet voice."

—Alexander III. has promoted to a captaincy the young lieutenant who wrapped his own mantle around the murdered Czar. "I have brought you a new cloak," said the young Czar; "I shall keep the other." He also gave the youth a present of 1200 rubles (about $875).

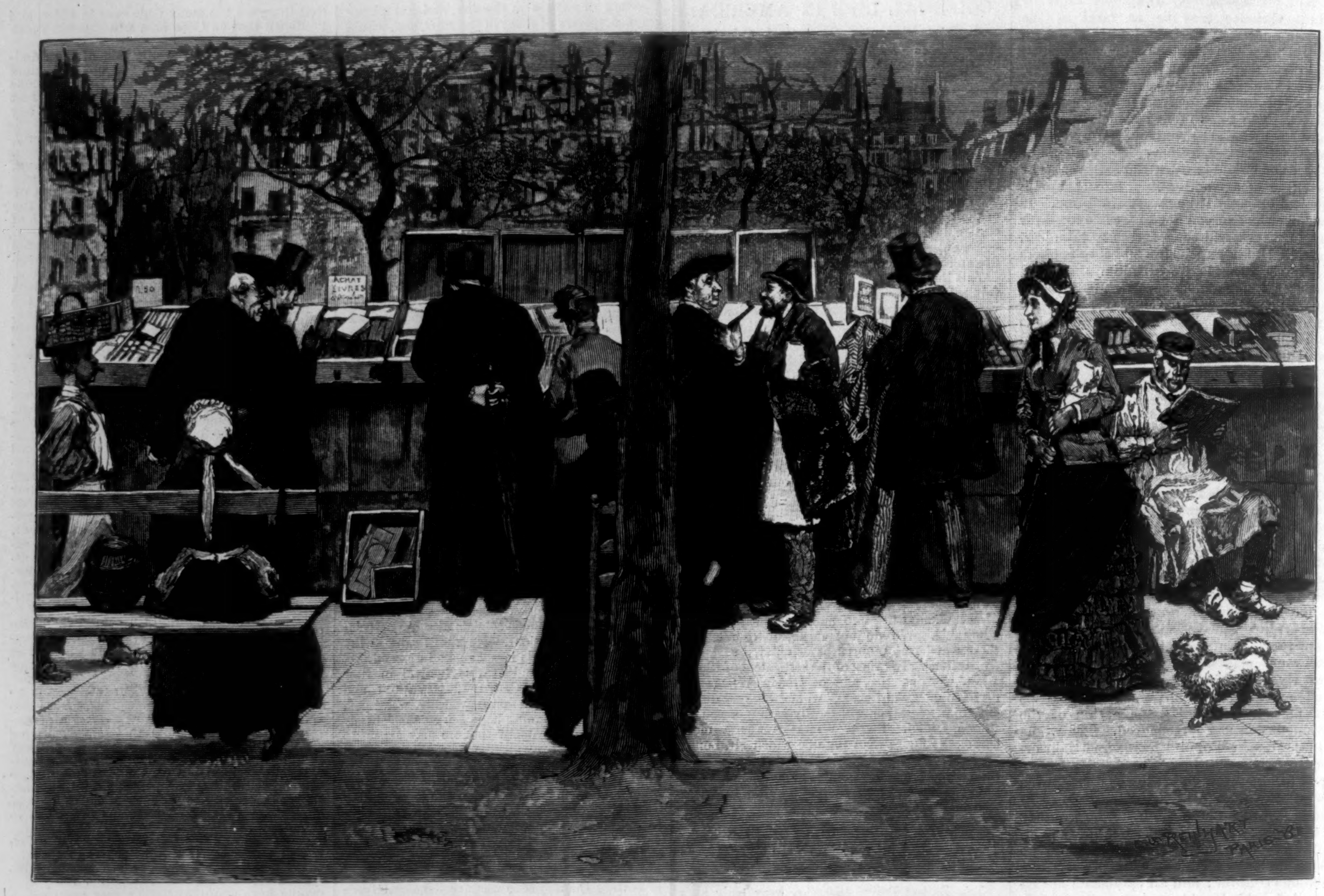
—Mr. Joseph Hatton, the clever London correspondent of the New York *Times*, will soon publish a volume of sketches and studies of the Old World and the New. Some of them have already appeared in the *Times*. The title of the book will be, *To-Day in America*.

—Viscount Lymington, who pervaded New York society last winter, and was much fêted by the upper people, made a speech in the House of Commons a few evenings since which the papers speak of as of unusual ability. Mr. Forster and other veteran members of the House praised it highly.

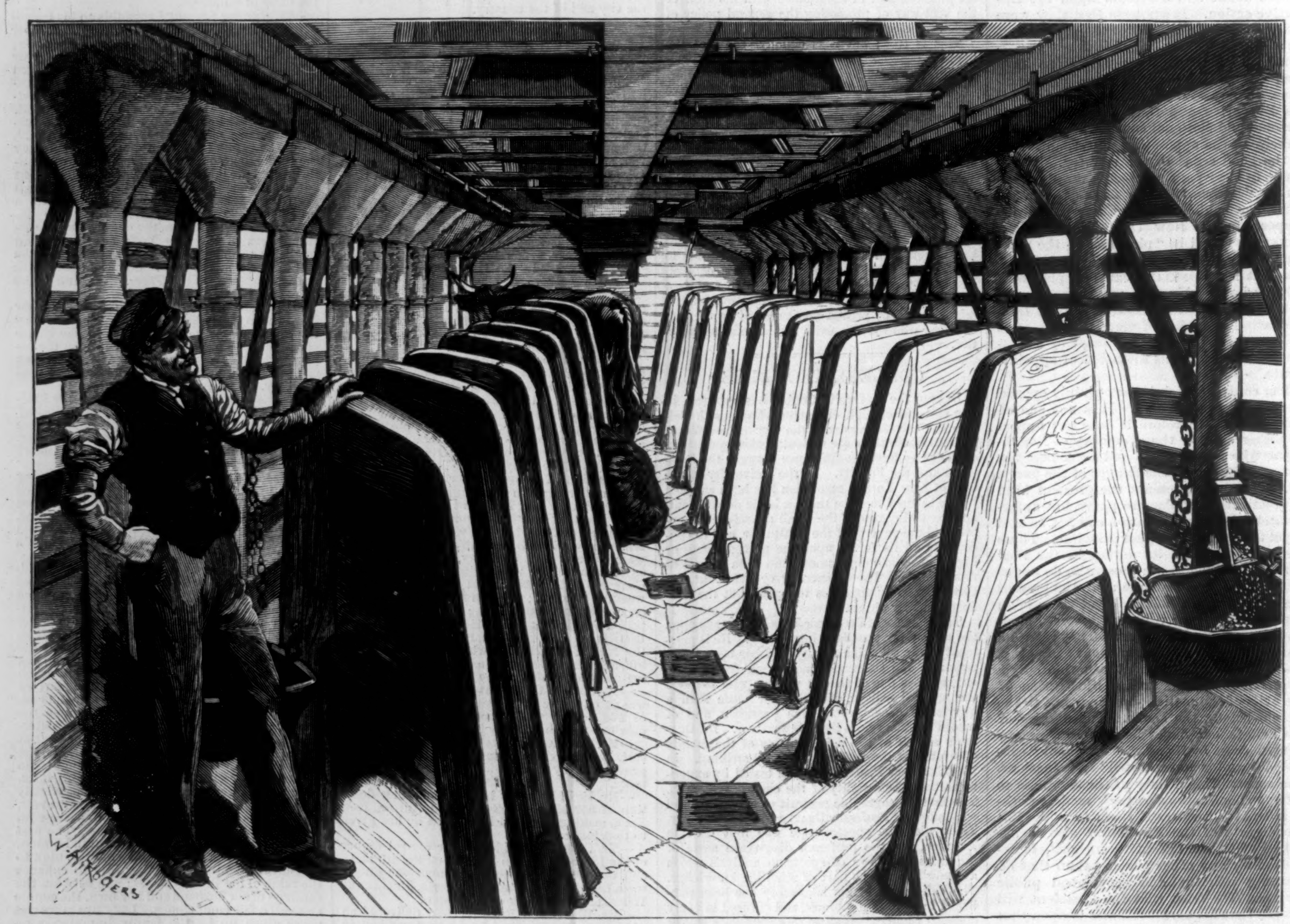
—Nobility is going into the newspaper business. The Earl of Desart has become editor of London *Vanity Fair*, and, what is much more delightful, recently married a daughter of Mr. Bischoffsheim, the banker, by which he gained a solid and steady addition to his income.

—Walt Whitman was one day sauntering slowly by the White House, when, as reported by the Boston correspondent of the Providence *Press*, Mr. Lincoln looked out of the window, and saw him for the first time. "Well," said the President, with emphasis, "*he* looks like a man!"

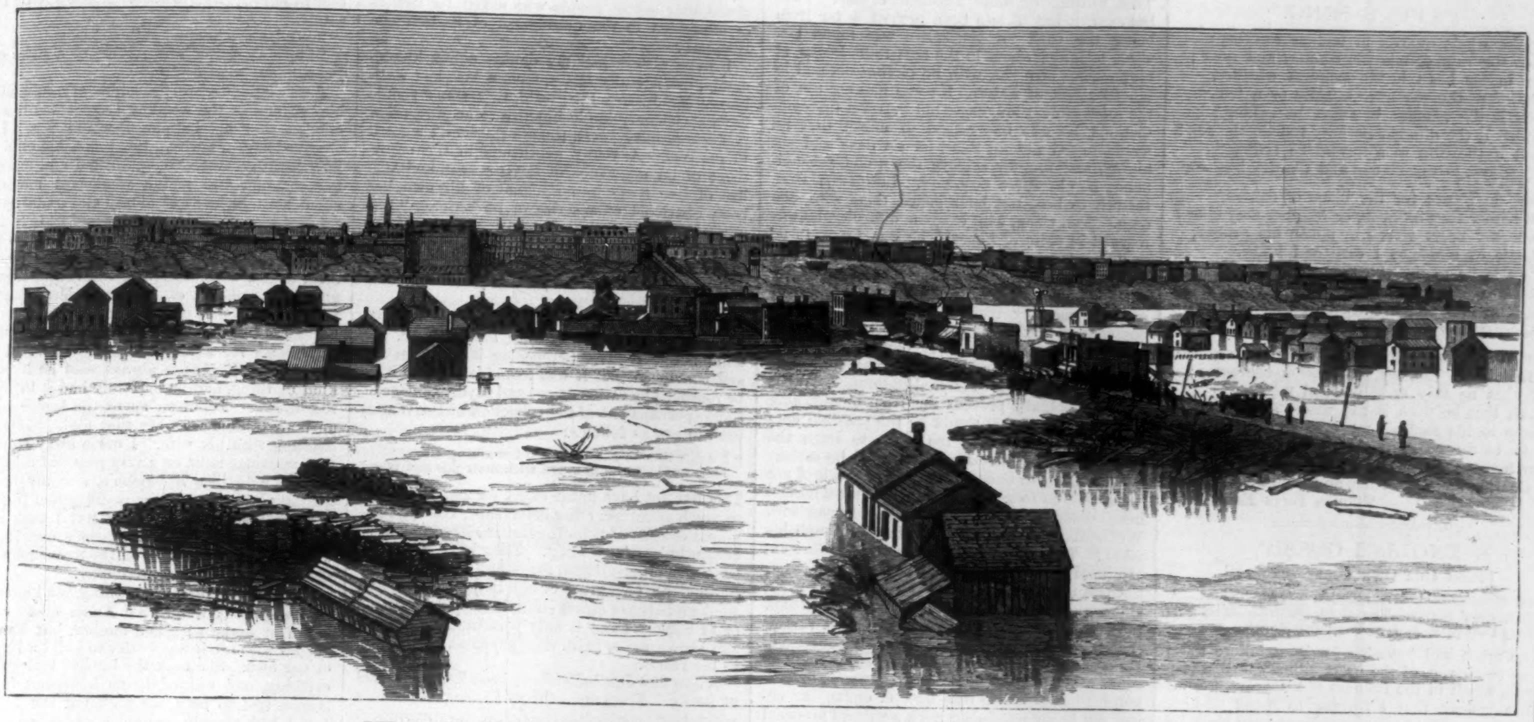
—When the late Lady Blanche Murphy, eldest daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, died recently in New England, the papers were filled with statements, purporting to be true, respecting her romantic history. Many of these are declared by the London *World* to be inaccurate. It is true, she married a poor organist, but she did not elope with him. Mr. Murphy, who had been organist at the Brompton Oratory, was appointed to the private chapel of the Earl of Gainsborough at Eaton. There he saw and conquered Lady Blanche Noel. Of course the family remonstrated; but the lady was determined, and the Earl gave in. He was present at the marriage, which took place at St. Mary's, Chelsea, and even wanted to aid his daughter in her new career with an annuity. Lady Blanche, however, refused the family aid, romantically preferring to be known as plain Mrs. Murphy, the Hibernian organist's wife, and to share with him his professional ups and downs. The first months of her married life were spent in London. Ten years ago she came to this country, took to periodical literature, using her title to enhance the value of her literary wares; and between the earnings of her husband and her own, the couple amassed a fair competence. Lady Blanche was never given up by the family, but always remained on the most filial and sisterly terms with them; but to the last she refused pecuniary help, except on one occasion.


ACHAT LIVRES

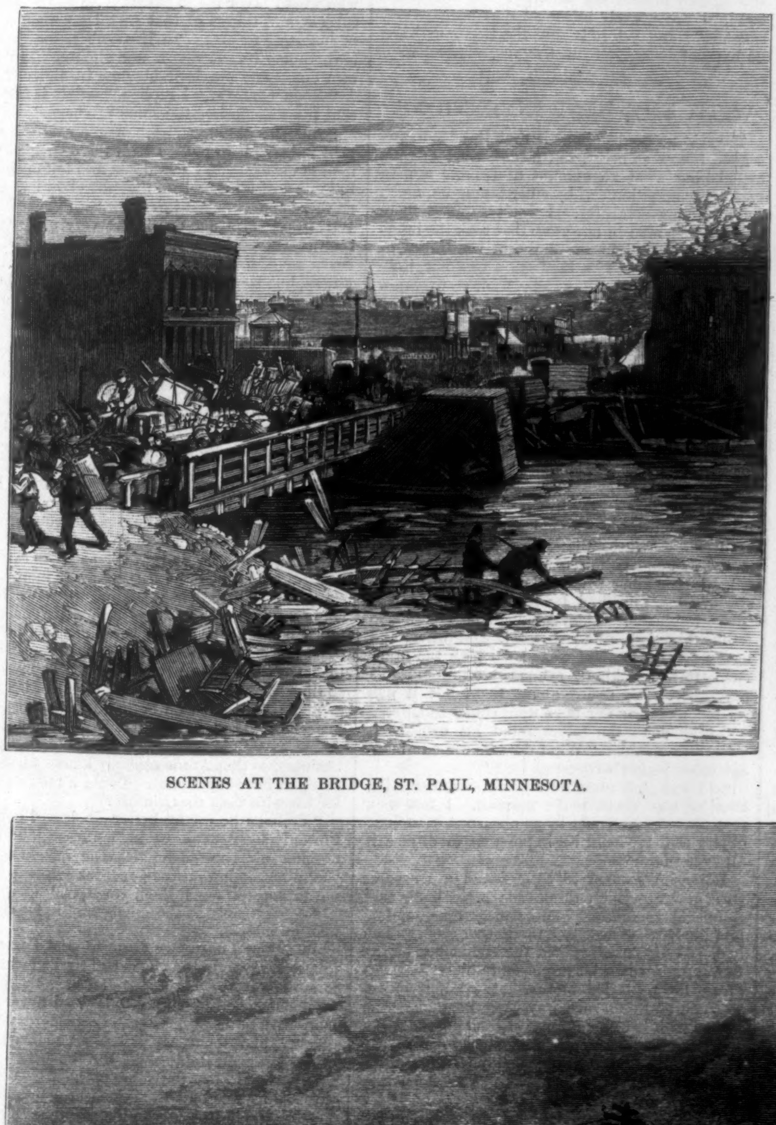
A BOOK-STALL ON A PARIS BOULEVARD.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.



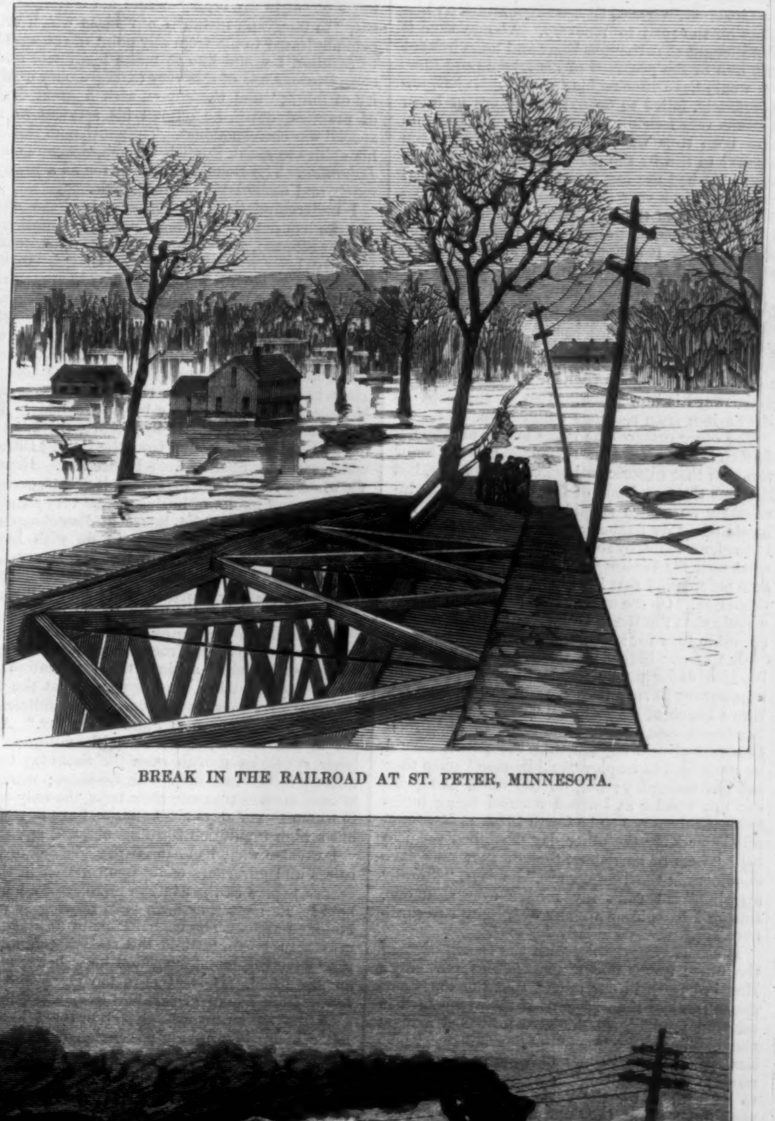
IMPROVED CATTLE CAR.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 331.]



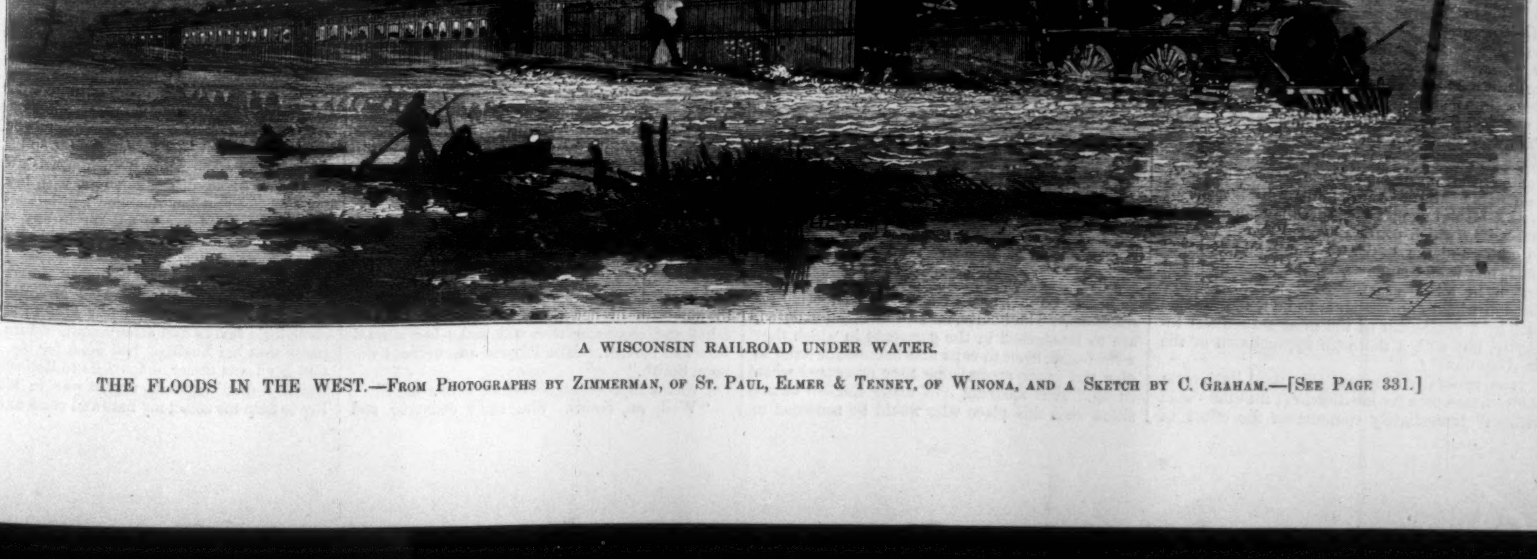
THE FLOOD AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA—VIEW OF THE SUBMERGED PORTION OF THE CITY.



SCENES AT THE BRIDGE, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.



BREAK IN THE RAILROAD AT ST. PETER, MINNESOTA.



A WISCONSIN RAILROAD UNDER WATER.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST.—From Photographs by Zimmerman, of St. Paul, Elmer & Tenney, of Winona, and a Sketch by C. Graham.—[See Page 331.]

PATTY'S SONG.

Let the winds quarrel in mid-air together;
Let the rain deluge the country and town;
Here in my heart is the sunniest weather,
Whether the sky have a smile or a frown.
What if the tempest in anger be calling?
What if the dim clouds have hidden the sun?
What if the rain in a torrent be falling?—
Charley has wooed me, and Charley has won.

What do I care for the lilacs or daisies,
Whether they burgeon, or whether they blow?
While my heart voices in music his praises,
Little of blossoms I care or I know.
Fairer is he to my eye than the roses,
Brighter his smile than the rays of the sun;
Quick at his voice my heart's portal uncloses—
Charley has wooed me, and Charley has won.

Earth has grown fairer, the air has grown sweeter,
Ever since Charley his passion confessed;
All that he says is in musical metre,
All that he does is the wisest and best.
Flows to his soul all my love and devotion,
As to the ocean the swift rivers run;
Joy thrills my heart to its core with emotion—
Charley has wooed me, and Charley has won.

Thomas Dunn English.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Lord Beaconsfield.—Degradation of Abbotsford.—A Barristers' Strike.—The Gold Pantry.—Extraordinary Feat of Memory.—The Paris Morgue.

So much will have been written, before these lines reach you, of the extraordinary man whose death, albeit in the fullness of his years, we are all lamenting, that I forbear to speak of him. Lord Beaconsfield appears to have been slain by that scourge of England, the east wind, which, prostrating his aged and enfeebled frame in the first instance, renewed its merciless attack on him when on the road to recovery. At one time it was thought that the new heart and hope infused into him by the presence of his friend Lord Rowton would have effected his recovery. It has, unfortunately, failed to do so; but to me, at least, it seems very touching that a man so old should have been thus within a little of having been warmed to life by the generous flame of friendship. He had the faculty of attracting personal attachment in a very remarkable degree.

The author of the *Curiosities of Literature* observes, "On coming to England we took the name of D'Israeli." It is not generally known that the name for which he substituted it was Losada.

Two rather shocking catastrophes have taken place lately. One of them, however, occurred in Ireland, and will therefore excite little surprise. In the new cemetery at Ballina, petroleum has been poured over all the graves, and set fire to; the consequence of which is, that what was greensward is now black. This is supposed to have arisen from religious enthusiasm.

The other catastrophe is the letting of Abbotsford on lease to Mr. Albert Grant. I do not know to whom that historic residence now belongs, but it seems the very irony of fate indeed that so interesting an edifice should have fallen into the hands of a City financier. We shall soon be informed, no doubt, by some spirit-rapping "circle," what poor Sir Walter thinks of it, but I am quite sure beforehand that it will not meet with his approbation. On the other hand, I am reminded by a cynic that the Great Unknown had a very considerable turn for speculation himself.

One of our high-class trades-unions has been brought under public notice, in consequence of an attorney having been permitted to plead before a bench of magistrates, "whereupon all the barristers rose, and left the court in dudgeon." It seems absurd enough that the public should be compelled to employ "middle-men" when they are not necessary; but, on the other hand, one can not wonder at learned counsel being indignant, if things are so bad with them as Mr. Commissioner Kerr the other day described them to be. "Lots of barristers, though they may have chambers in the Temple, are," he says, "literally starving." I can't say I have ever seen one, though I have known many with quite extraordinary appetites—especially for fees.

It seems remarkable, with the recollection of the nurse *versus* doctor question at our Guy's Hospital fresh in our minds, that the Paris surgeons (no less than seventy of them) engaged in hospital practice should have protested against the decision of the Council of Surveillance, which has replaced the Sisters of Charity by ordinary nurses. "Clericalism," it appears, has nothing to do with it, for the Paris doctors are mostly freethinkers, but they affirm that there are certain qualities of experience and discipline in the Sisters not to be found in hirelings.

I wish the Government would make me butler at Windsor Castle. The custodianship of the "Gold Pantry" is vacant, and it would just suit me. It seems to realize all one's youthful dreams of "Tom Tiddler's ground," only instead of being "all gold and silver," it is all gold. At the entertainment given to the late Czar of Russia it is reported that two million pounds' worth of gold plate was either on the sideboard or in actual use. Fancy the joy of cleaning it, and the hopes excited by straining the cloths afterward! I have seen many a butler who fulfilled my notions of what a bishop should be: there is something in the calling which confers a dignity embodied in no other, and the butler of the "Gold Pantry" must, one would suppose, be the most dignified person in all creation. Does any one know through whom application is to be made for this post by a gentleman of the most scrupulous integrity, but with a thorough appreciation of the precious metal?

It is generally supposed that total immersion is an instant cure for intoxication; that the "cold without" immediately counteracts the effect of "hot within," or other alcoholic drinks. This, however, it has of late been proved, is far from being the case. A gentleman was found last week splashing about in the East India Docks, at nine o'clock at night, with no clothes on, and in nineteen feet of water. He was making use of the most violent language, but between the ejaculations he was understood to affirm that he meant to swim about there for six days and six nights, and thereby achieve the proud pre-eminence of champion swimmer. Life-buoys were thrown to him, but he rejected them with disdain. And when, with extreme difficulty, he was rescued in spite of himself, he was found to be as "fresh" as ever—*i. e.*, as drunk as though he had been perfectly dry.

On Wednesday last I read that a professor of artificial memory recited, without mistake, the contents of that evening's *Globe* newspaper—an amazing feat, from whatever point of view one considers it. His audience, too, it seems to me, showed some power of mental endurance. What would effectually prevent me from undertaking such a performance would be the possible contingency of succeeding too well; to learn the contents of the *Globe* by heart would be serious enough even for once and away, but think of not being able to forget it again! Imagine a human being doomed to live out his allotted span with Wednesday's *Globe* always running through his mind! That would certainly be one of those exceptional cases where suicide is justifiable.

Upon the whole, when one considers the probable experience of all classes of mankind, I think that of a newspaper editor is the most varied, that is, so far as the human mind is concerned. He does not meet with such interesting cases as some other people (doctors and lawyers, for example), but he meets with queerer ones. An editor put in my hands last week a written proposal that had been made to him, in all good faith, for the abolition of telegraphic dispatches. "Having a power in my brain," wrote his correspondent, "to telegraph instantly any ideas which are communicated to me from any point of the world to another, I would like to make legitimate and conscientious use of this very extraordinary quality of mine;" and thereupon, with a great deal of practical detail, he offered his services as a special war correspondent. The gentleman stated his ability to speak English, French, German, and *Bohemian*. The Bohemian struck me as a pretty touch, and undeniably characteristic.

I understand that the respectable *Notes and Queries* has put its foot down upon the notorious Mother Shipton, and stamped her out. She seems to have been a legendary Mrs. Harris; "there never was no such a person." A contributor to the *N. and Q.* confesses that he is the author of the most famous of that lady's prophecies, which he produced in quaint and mediæval style, but to chime in with modern events. Here, then, is another illusion of my childhood shattered like a glass ball by Mr. Carver's rifle. If there is no Mother Shipton, there may be no anybody. In the *Cornhill* this month, by-the-bye, there is a learned article, emanating from the Record Office, which explodes Shakspeare's Prince Hal. Henry V., when a young man, exhibited, it seems, exceptionally good habits of business, was very steady, never went to a public-house at Eastcheap or elsewhere, and had no more to do with Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne than had Mr. Henry Labouchere. All this will end in the discrediting of all we have ever heard of, and in our believing in nothing that occurred before we were born.

Leo XIII. has the courage of his opinions. In reply to a deputation from the gold-workers at Rome complaining against the profanation of saints' days by labor, he has stated that the observance of saints' days "encourages diligence, and tends to create wealth and prosperity." And yet in this country I have heard employers of labor speak as though even the Saturday half-holiday rather interferes with business; while it is most certain that our Eton boys, the only ones to whom saints' days are holidays, have anything but a high reputation for diligence and learning.

I wonder what has caused the wisdom of our rulers and governors to fix upon fifteen in their census papers as the average number of a household? Perhaps they have been playing at your famous puzzle. The bachelors sniff at such figures with horror; while the real paterfamilias, Mr. Quiverful, has a suspicion he is being made an April-fool. It is at once too many and too few. I am bound to say, however, in the latter case the registrars are very civil, for I have a letter of apology in my possession from one of them, excusing himself "for not knowing that I had so large a family"; and who, to make sure, sends me a paper for fifty-five! He must think I am a hotel company, unlimited.

In a late breach-of-promise case, in which a dramatic author was the defendant, there were some *billets-doux* which exactly recall Dickens's famous experience of begging-letter impostors. The gentleman, of course, sponged on the lady. "If a pound is sent to-morrow, telegraph before six o'clock. I can start at night then; otherwise not. I am exhausted, but I love you truly, darling." He used to write in "sympathetic" or invisible ink. "Lost unless £2 15*s.* is sent before twelve o'clock to-morrow." That he would get forty pounds a night for his play the gentleman is certain, but "in the mean time I have no shirt. Vicomte de Châteaubriand, the great French writer, had only one; he washed it himself, and became a minister." The judge, in awarding damages, rather satirically "wished the lady might get them."

The Paris Morgue, I am glad to say, is for the future to be deprived of some of its morbid attractions. The bodies, instead of being exposed, are to be clothed in the garments in which they were found, even to caps and bonnets, in order to give the exact appearance they presented when living. It is amazing how many English of position visit this place who would be ashamed to exhibit such morbid curiosity at home. What would they say of people who asked for tickets of admission to the dead-house of St. George's Hospital?

I have always had my doubts about kleptomania, but it really seems, from a case last week before Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, that some people have an uncontrollable impulse to acquire other people's property, even though they don't want it themselves. A young gentleman in the enjoyment of an allowance of £400 a year, and who has of late come into £20,000 of his own, has been convicted of a series of robberies. "Led away by some strange fascination, he has been always the companion of thieves," and pleading guilty to four indictments, will, unless he steals a march upon his jailers, suffer penal servitude for five years.

In my childhood, when I used to smoke brown paper and cane—not because I liked them, but from heroic motives (supposing it to be manly, and convinced that it was forbidden)—I used to be reproved by various saws and sayings. One of them (perhaps out of the collection of Dr. Watts) used to run as follows:

"I don't like to see little boys smoking cigars;
They ought to be at home with their pas and mas."

This did not have much effect on me, or at least so much as certain other deterrents; but the communal council of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, have evidently laid it to heart. They have issued an edict—and quite right, too—that no young person under fifteen years of age in the canton shall smoke tobacco or cigars either in the public streets or at home. Cane is only permitted externally, and brown paper (with vinegar) as an application to the result.

A Jew and Jew-baiter have been fighting a duel at Berlin. From one of those inscrutable causes which baffle conjecture respecting the government of the universe (or else because they couldn't shoot), they missed one another. On the other hand, we are gravely informed that "honor was satisfied"; and yet it is said the Germans have no humor!

R. Kemble, of London.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

There's no doubt about it that Robinson was a good fellow at heart, and meant well; but it's astonishing what an amount of trouble a man may bring upon himself by undertaking too much for his fellow-creatures. I don't suppose there was another man in our store that took the interest Robinson did in the different wardrobes of his fellow-clerks. If a man got a new hat, Robinson noticed it right away; wanted to know where it was bought, when, and why, and generally concluded by saying that if the purchaser had consulted him, he might have made a better bargain. And I've no doubt he would. Robinson would have made it a point to favor him with his influence and experience, both of which were considerable. The same way with coats, or pants, or boots, or *anything!* But, notwithstanding all this, very few of our boys consulted Robinson in these matters; they generally bought their articles with a reckless indiscrimination that was painful to a man constituted as Robinson was. It seemed hard, when a man took the interest in his fellow-creatures that Robinson did, that his motives should be misconstrued and unappreciated. I remember when I bought that new Ulster of mine, I disliked, for some reason or other, to see Robinson. I had a ridiculous aversion to telling him just where I got it, and when, and how much it cost, and what I did with the other one. It was a kindly sympathy on Robinson's part, there's no doubt about that; but it was wasted, as far as our boys were concerned.

"Why don't the fellow mind his own business?" they said. "What does he want to manage other people's concerns for?"

So I was glad when he told me, confidentially, that he was about to be married. I felt then that his interest would be so absorbed in the one object that it would be impossible to diffuse it all over the universe.

Robinson seemed to have found a treasure. Of course everybody thinks so; but I knew that Robinson would know more, and see more, and be less likely to be deceived, than other men, and he had, as I supposed, gained the confidence of the family into which he proposed to marry. I was afraid his projected mother-in-law might object to some of Robinson's ways, but he told me he got on with her splendidly. I thought she was a remarkable woman, not altogether because she got on so well with Robinson, but from Robinson's conversation I imagined she must be very clever.

"The fact is," said Robinson, "we are mutually interested in the same topics. We sit and talk about domestic matters for hours together, while Annie thrums over her new piece on the piano, and Mrs. Page has told me, time and again, if there's one thing more than another she admires in my character, it's the interest I take in little domestic details that most men despise or hold in utter indifference. You see, Smith, marriage is a sacred obligation."

"Undoubtedly, Robinson."

"And requires study, Smith. I wouldn't have been a successful buyer if I hadn't inquired into all the little intricacies of our line of business."

"You certainly can judge of a good article, Robinson."

"Ah, Smith, the one I've secured now is beyond price. She's just the kind of goods a man wants to rest his eyes upon when he's tired of shams and shoddies. Annie isn't brought up to dazzle and deceive. Her mother has taken great pains to inculcate in her daughter qualifications of mind and character that will make her a good wife and mother. Mrs. Page is an excellent woman, Smith."

"And I suppose her daughter is like her?"

"Well, no, Smith. She can't converse and reason as her mother can, nor has she her mother's appreciative qualities. Annie's mind is less astute."

"Well, she's young yet."

"She's as simple and pliable as a little child. I'm a happy man, Smith."

I was delighted to hear him say so, and told him so, and at the wedding I expressed it as my opinion that his happiness would last. I was charmed with his wife. She seemed such a nice, jolly little creature, so unaffected and simple in her manner, and had a wonderful magnetism about her. She was as plump and round as a little partridge, with big black melting eyes and a pretty little mouth. I can't say I was so much drawn to her mother. She was a fine-looking woman, with a deep voice, and something very firm about the contour of her jaw. Mrs. Page had more of what they call character in her face than her daughter would ever have; but I haven't the admiration for a face with character that some men have. Robinson always said he liked that kind of thing, and he certainly had it in his mother-in-law. Robinson spent the better part of an hour talking with her that night, while I was chatting with his wife. I came away convinced that marriage must be a very pleasant thing, with a little wife like Robinson's, and my bachelor quarters looked exceedingly dingy and forlorn.

I don't know how it was, but I took an extraordinary interest in Robinson's marriage, and was sorry to see a cloud on the matrimonial horizon before six months were over.

"We've gone to housekeeping, you know," said Robinson. "I was afraid Annie would want to board at home with her mother, but Mrs. Page agreed with me it was better to build a little nest of our own. She took the kindest interest in everything, and wanted to go house-hunting with Annie, and to help her pick out the furniture. But I had already secured a house, and bought the furniture of friends of mine in the business, who would favor me in prices. As to bed-linen, carpets, and things of that sort, I got them here in the store at cost. In Heaven's name, Smith, is there any reason why a man shouldn't hire his own house and purchase his own furniture?"

"None whatever," I replied, "unless it may be that his wife desires the same privilege."

"But she didn't, Smith. Annie said she was glad to leave it to me. I took the dear little woman in my arms and kissed her, and felt my heart lightened of a heavy load that somehow had rested there since my last interview with her mother. But Mrs. Page's manner is yet very unpleasant, Smith—very. I don't want to say that she accuses me of robbing Annie of any legitimate happiness, but she conveys some such impression to my mind, and it makes me feel like a malefactor. I'm so fond of my wife that the thought of depriving her of the smallest joy is misery to me."

"Well, these little trifles will all come right, Robinson. It isn't as if your mother-in-law lived with you."

"She's only round the corner, Smith. I thought of that when I took the house, that it would be so comfortable for Annie to live near her old home, and have the attention and advice of her mother. As Heaven is my judge, Smith, I have tried to take every burden from my wife. I've opened accounts with the neighboring grocer, butcher, baker, and hired an excellent servant. I leave a generous margin for sundries, which I look into rigidly at the first of every month, and settle with the other accounts, when we begin again with a clear fresh record. A woman certainly ought to be happy when she has nothing to do but enjoy herself. I've even persuaded her to put all her little expenses down in my book, so that she knows where every penny of her money goes; and, as I said before, I take care of the household expenses myself. The servant comes to me every morning for orders before I go to business, so that Annie scarcely knows what she's going to have for dinner. Could a man do more for his wife than that, Smith?"

"Perhaps he might better do less, Robinson. I'm only a miserable bachelor myself, and know nothing about women; but the question is, if you're not erring on the generous side—if you're not taking too much upon yourself."

"A man can't do too much, Smith, for the woman he adores."

Just then a customer came in, and I was glad to get away. Robinson evidently had the best intentions in the world. He loved his wife. He even esteemed his mother-in-law. I never saw a man work so hard in what he considered his line of duty, and so utterly fail to recommend it to others, as poor Robinson. But he began to be brighter and apparently happier. The anniversary of his wedding was close at hand, and he was interested in a gift to his wife.

"I was puzzled what to get," said Robinson. "You see she's got almost everything, Smith; her wedding presents embraced so many little adornments and knickknacks. At last I hit upon a black silk dress—a woman can't have too many, and I can get a bargain down in the store just now. She said she'd rather have the money, and buy it outside; but I persuaded her that would be foolish. So she's coming in to choose the trimmings this afternoon, and if she comes while I'm out, you'll take care of her, won't you?"

"With pleasure," I said. And it so happened that she did come while Robinson was away, and seemed to bring all the sunshine with her.

I told her that her husband had left her in my care, and begged her to use me in any way that suggested itself to her; that it would be my happiness to serve her.

I suppose there was an honest fervor about this declaration that impressed Mrs. Robinson. It had so happened that I was able to show her some little favors and attentions in return for the many that her husband had done for me. I had told her I was under obligations to Robinson. Of course I didn't explain that it was in his desiring to help me select my hats and coats and boots, it wasn't necessary to enter into these little details, but she understood that a natural gratitude on my part led me to send her in return a few little trifles, like bouquets, or new books, or music, or opera tickets, once in a while. So she knew the declaration of mine that day at the store, that I would be happy to serve her, came straight from my heart.

"You are so good and kind," she said. Then all at once an eager wistfulness leaped into her eyes. "I wish I could dare ask you to do me a favor, Mr. Smith—a very great favor," she said.

"Do," I replied. "I won't abuse your generosity."

"Oh! I wonder if it will be right?" she said, clasping her little gloved hands, and looking up in my face with a charming air of indecision. "I wonder if I ought to do such a thing?"

"The fact that you desire to do it is a proof that it is blameless," I replied.

"I do desire it, ever so much," she said; "and it is perfectly blameless. I've set my heart on giving my husband a present upon our marriage anniversary."

"Is that all, Mrs. Robinson?"

"All!" she replied, tapping her foot with her parasol, with an air of vexation. She was looking upon the floor now, and a warm color burned in her cheek. "It's so hard to explain to you," she said. "I don't like to borrow money of mamma, because she don't understand my husband, and makes so many unpleasant remarks, and it's quite a large sum I want for the present. I'm afraid it will cost ten dollars." Here she hesitated, and her color grew more and more vivid.

"Ten dollars isn't a very large sum," I said. I had decided now that she wanted to ask me to lend her the money, but didn't know how to go about it, and I was at a loss how to help her. I had two crisp five-dollar bills in my vest pocket, but how to get them into her hand was a problem. In the mean while time was flying, and Robinson would be back.

"*You* understand my husband, Mr. Smith. *You* know how kind and good he is to me. He has told me how he confides in you. You must know he is the dearest, best of husbands."

"Of course I do, Mrs. Robinson. We are like brothers," I said, with intense friendly fervor.

"I hate even to deceive him for a moment, Mr. Smith. Of course I shall tell him afterward; but I want to surprise him. I wouldn't care to give him anything if it wasn't a surprise."

"Of course you wouldn't, Mrs. Robinson. Any other way would be so humdrum and commonplace. I know just how you feel about it."

"And my husband is so thoughtful, he is so anxious to relieve me of every care, that he knows just where every penny goes; and, oh dear, it's too bad!"

Big tears gathered in her beautiful eyes; it was too much for me.

"I understand it all, Mrs. Robinson," I blurted out. "Don't fret over such a trifle as this," and I thrust the two five-dollar bills in her hand.

She was on her feet in an instant. White now to her lips, and an awful expression in her eyes of reproach, rage, regret, Heaven knows what and all. The five-dollar bills had dropped on the floor.

"Good-morning, sir," she said. "I have been mistaken in you. Please tell my husband I could not wait for him."

She was a little woman, but she seemed about ten feet high as she swept out of our department. Fortunately some foreign cases had effectually screened us from observation. It was some time before I could pick up the bills. I felt stunned, bewildered, and exceedingly humiliated and miserable. I had made an ass of myself in some way, and innocently outraged the feelings of this excellent little woman whom I was most desirous to serve.

When Robinson came back he thought it so strange that his wife hadn't waited for him. He wanted to know when she came, how long she staid; whether she sat down or stood up, or said she'd come in again, and if so, when. At last I was desperate, and went out into the street. Before I knew what I was about I was up town, and ringing the bell of the brown-stone house that Robinson hired. The servant he had selected came to the door, and showed me into the parlor he had furnished. His wife came right down to me, and the moment she entered the parlor, I saw that her good sense and kind heart had gained their own again.

"Not another word, Mr. Smith," she said, when I began pouring out apologies and explanations. "I was myself to blame for it all. I wanted you to sell something of mine for me, and with the money help me to get the present at cost. There, now, that's the whole of it. If I had only told you at once, instead of beating about the bush in that way! But I've given up that idea, because he'd be sure to know if I parted with anything, he's so interested; he'd know if a silver thimble was gone. But I've hit upon another plan, and I'll tell you all about it, if you'd like to hear."

"Of course I'd like to hear," I exclaimed. "You are an adorable little woman to forgive that stupid blunder of mine. I was so miserable to have offended you; and your husband," I added, for I thought I noticed a growing rigidity in her manner from the word "adorable," "we are like brothers, you know, Mrs. Robinson—*twin* brothers!"

"Well, I'll tell you what I've decided to do, Mr. Smith: I had to take ma into my confidence, for she's going to help me. You know I'm to have a new black silk, and it costs a good deal of money to have it made. Mrs. Jones, my dressmaker, wouldn't do it for less than twenty dollars, and mamma and I will make it ourselves, and take the money we'd have to give Mrs. Jones for the present. That will be really my own money, because I shall earn it—my very own. Isn't it a capital idea?"

"Splendid!" I said; and shortly after I took my leave, thinking all the way down to the store what an amount of trouble Robinson innocently gave that dear little wife of his.

We settled upon a dressing-case for Robinson before I left that day, and Mrs. Robinson and I had to go together to look at the different varieties of these article, and I didn't want her to choose anything in a hurry, and then be sorry afterward; and altogether it was astonishing how absorbed I became in the purchase of that dressing-case. I thought of nothing else.

The anniversary of Robinson's wedding came upon a Saturday evening, and the next morning I was walking in the Park, thinking it all over—how happy Robinson must have been when she surprised him with the dressing-case, and what a confoundedly lucky fellow he was, anyway. I fell into quite a sentimental mood. I suppose the scene around me had something to do with it. It was one of those delightful mornings in May, when happy ripples run through the grass, and the young shrubs burst suddenly into bloom and verdure. Birds sang gayly in the hedges, and the air was full of a vague perfume. Some white-winged butterflies flitted by. I took off my hat. Though a little bald, I enjoyed the soft radiance of the sunshine. I began to understand how at certain seasons a man might slip into rhyme, or matrimony.

All at once this celestial silence was broken by an advancing figure. It was Robinson—and alone. His head was bowed, his hat jammed over his eyes; the only part of his face that was at first visible was of an ashen hue. His whole aspect was one of unutterable misery and despair.

"Good heavens, Robinson," I cried, rushing up to him and seizing his arm, "has anything happened to your wife?"

"To my wife? Yes," he said; and I sank into one of the iron benches. I thought she was dead, and was relieved to hear the next sentence. Relieved, though startled.

"My wife has left me, Smith. She's gone home to her mother."

"Left you? Gone home to her mother? Why, wasn't last night your anniversary?"

"Yes; that was how it came about; that was the way I found her out, Smith. She's deceived me—shamefully and persistently deceived me, and yet, miserable wretch that I am," added Robinson, sinking into the seat beside me, and covering his face with his hands, "I love her still."

"You have deceived yourself in some way," I cried, naturally indignant and incredulous. "It is some miserable mistake of your own. I know that your wife is the soul of integrity and honor."

"God bless you, Smith!" he cried, grasping my hand fervently. "Would to Heaven I could believe what you say! but the facts are too convincing. Up to yesterday I was the happiest man in the universe. I went home early, and on my way stopped at Mrs. Jones's, my wife's dressmaker, to see if her black silk was done."

"What?" I shrieked.

"Her black silk, you know," said Robinson—"the one I told you about. She said at least a dozen times that it was in the dressmaker's hands. I gave her twenty dollars long ago to pay for it, and I thought I'd step in on my way home, so that there would be no disappointment. That was perfectly natural, wasn't it, Smith?"

"Go on," I groaned.

"I went to the dressmaker's, rang the bell; Mrs. Jones came to the door, and she said that she *hadn't seen my wife for six months*, that she never heard anything about a black silk dress. I was stunned, bewildered. I tried to persuade her she was wrong; she shut the door in my face. I hurried home, naturally vexed and indignant. My wife came to meet me, smiling and fond, Smith—it breaks my heart to think of it. I asked her about the black silk. Was it done? Not quite, she said. Was it at the dressmaker's? Yes. At Mrs. Jones's? And was it to cost twenty dollars? Yes; but why was I so troubled about it?

"'Because, madam,' I cried, 'you have deceived me; I have just stopped at your dressmaker's. She hasn't seen you for six months.'

"My wife turned pale, called to her mamma, and fell back into Mrs. Page's arms in a dead faint.

"Mrs. Page then flew into a violent rage, and abused me shamefully. She used language, Smith, that it is painful to repeat. She called me a sneak and a petty tyrant, a spy and a miser. She declared that her daughter never had a penny that I didn't know when it was coined, and how she spent it; that Annie had no more to do with her own house than a Dutch doll, and the sooner she was out of it the better. She sent my servant for a cab, and before my wife had fully recovered, she took her away. I have paced the floor all night, Smith. I shall never go back to the store again. I'm a ruined man—for there's something behind all this, Smith: my servant told me last night that my wife has been in the habit lately of seeing a gentleman, of going out with him, and remaining a couple of hours; he is stout and dark, a little bald, and wears spectacles."

I burst out laughing. "That's me!" I cried. "Look at me, Robinson. I'm the man!"

Robinson glared at me in a dazed but desperate way. I saw that he was upon the point of frenzy, and hastened to tell him all about his dressing-case. Before I was half through, he had absolutely thrown his arms about me, and cried like a baby.

"My mother-in-law was right, Smith," he cried. "I have been a sneak and a spy, and perhaps a miser."

"You meant well, Robinson; but it's better to let women manage their own affairs."

"It's better to mind one's own business," said Robinson. "I've been a miserable meddler, and deserve to be punished. Before Heaven, Smith, it was with the best intentions."

"I know it, Robinson."

"But I'll never do it again—never! And now let's go after my wife—you and I can explain the thing to Mrs. Page. I don't wonder she hates me, Smith. Poor little Annie! What a life she has led! I wonder she remains fond of me."

"Well, I can vouch for that," I replied, honestly enough; and I persuaded him to stop at home and tidy up a bit, get shaved, and have some breakfast.

"That servant must go," said Robinson, savagely.

"Let your wife hire the next one," I said. And just as I imagined, when we reached Robinson's, there was the dear little woman waiting for him. He fell on his knees at her feet, and began his protestations. I thought it best to leave them alone together; but how exceedingly lonely and forlorn my bachelor chambers did look when I reached them!

AN IMPROVED CATTLE CAR.

AN improved cattle car, of which we give a picture on page 328, was on exhibition at the Union Stock Yards a few days ago, where it attracted the attention of a large number of cattle-dealers and railroad men. It is the size of an ordinary car, but is so arranged that each animal has a stall to itself. The space is so economized that the car accommodates twenty head of cattle, or four more than an ordinary car. By a mechanical contrivance, which is operated from the end of the car, the cattle can be fed and watered in their stalls all at the same time, and as often as is necessary, the feed being stored in the top of the car.

A load of cattle was brought to New York from Cincinnati in this car without being let out once, and on arriving here showed a loss in weight of only two and three-quarters per cent. With the ordinary cars the cattle have to be unloaded and fed three times on the trip from Cincinnati, and generally show a loss of from eight to twelve per cent., besides being bruised and otherwise injured by being huddled together. The use of a car like the one described, it is said by stock-dealers, would improve the quality of the meat, and be a saving to dealers and railroad companies, besides serving the ends of humanity.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST.

THE melting of the vast accumulations of snow in the Northwest has caused extraordinary floods in the Missouri, Mississippi, and other rivers, which, although unattended by the great loss of life that accompanied the inundations at Szegedin, in Hungary, and at Seville, in Spain, resulted in a deplorable destruction of property. Immense tracts of country have been covered with water to a depth of several feet, towns and villages have been inundated, and farm-houses, barns, horses, and cattle have been swept away. By the overflow of the Missouri nearly 7000 people were made homeless in Kansas alone, and but for immediate and energetic measures for relief, there would have been great suffering among them. Many dams and bridges were swept away, and much damage was done to railways. The oldest settlers in the Northwest say that nothing like this in extent has been known within their memory.

The views given on page 329 will afford some idea of the character of these inundations. We have not space to describe all the damage that was done in the country overflowed, but an account of the rise of the Mississippi at Fort Pierre will enable our readers to form some conception of the suddenness and extent of the calamity. On the morning of April 27, the river at that place presented a grand spectacle. Enormous blocks of ice were borne swiftly by on the seething current, and hundreds of people stood watching on the bank of the river, apparently without a thought of danger. Suddenly, owing to an ice blockade below, there was a check in the current, and within ten minutes the water rose four feet. The people fled hastily to the bluffs, taking what they could of their household goods. The houses were soon torn from their foundations, crushed, turned over, and jammed together, while the luckless inhabitants were making temporary camps on the bluffs. The scene of terror continued all day. Soon after night-fall the ice blockade was broken, and the river fell as rapidly as it had risen. But the next morning dawned on the ruins of the town and on hundreds of homeless people.

At St. Paul, Minnesota, the water rose on the 29th of April to a height of more than nineteen feet four inches above low-water mark, and nearly 2000 people were driven from their homes. They were provided for by the city authorities, and much suffering was averted by this timely aid.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A CLOTHING dealer in Boston sends up a toy balloon from the roof of his store each day, and promises a new suit of clothes to the boy who captures and returns it. At night-fall the residents of the city assemble at Police Head-quarters with descriptions of their lost children.

While listening to a sermon in a New Orleans church, two young men, named Cassard and Sanchez, got into a dispute, and went outside to settle it. The account in a New Orleans newspaper closes as follows: "Five rounds were fought in the presence of a large part of the congregation."

Young men in Boston wear their yellow kid gloves protruding about three inches from the breasts of their tightly buttoned coats, and thus assure the promenaders on Beacon Street that their wealth is not all locked up in unproductive real estate.

In connection with a reference to ex-Senator Hamlin's dancing nimbly at a recent calico ball in Bangor, a paper mentions as another well-preserved man Chief Justice Appleton, of the Supreme Court of Maine, who is seventy-seven years old, "and contemplates making a trip to Europe in 1883." The phrase quoted is illustrative of the difference between the old-time and the present way of doing things. Instead of having the trip in view for two years, Chief Justice Appleton's grandson, if he has one, would make up his mind in the evening, and be off the next day.

"It will be a 'cold day' when I give twenty-five cents to a couple like you," said a man to two tramps who had boldly asked him for that amount.

"What time of day will it be?" asked one of the tramps.

The man was surprised at the question, and he gave it up.

"Well," said the tramp spokesman, "it will be a quarter to two."

A prisoner in the Siskiyou County (California) jail learned that the sheriff had hid a purse containing $230 in one of the iron cells, and in a short time the money and the prisoner were gone. Where jails of that kind are relied upon, sheriffs can not be too careful about leaving temptations in the way of the prisoners.

Washington society is perturbed by the rumor that Secretary Lincoln has determined to send down among the alligators and out among the Indians those army officers who have for years been on detached duty in Washington, and have ornamented the drawing-rooms of the capital. We are told that this determination is the chief topic at weddings and other gatherings.

A chess match, played by telegraph, between the Liverpool and the Calcutta clubs, has just ended in the victory of the former. The match occupied a little over four months.

There is said to be a man in Springfield, Illinois, whose sole business is the buying and selling of books, pamphlets, pictures, music, medals, statuary, election tickets, badges, etc., relating to Abraham Lincoln and his career.

Conversation overheard on a street in Galveston, Texas:

"Did you hear about Jim Archibald?"

"No; what about him?"

"Why, he was walking along Broadway, in New York, when a man fell out of a five-story window on him, and killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"Well, it don't surprise me in the least. When I saw him down here in Austin last summer, he wasn't looking at all well."

A Western lyceum has come to the conclusion, after exhaustive research, that the mother of vinegar is a widow.

At the time of the sale of the Brinley Library it was said that Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Connecticut, is the only person who can read the Eliot Bible. The publication of that statement has caused the claim to be made publicly that there are several persons in Natick, Massachusetts, who are familiar with the language in which that book is written.

Experiments made by M. Muntz show that there is alcohol in all kinds of water except that from the purest springs. If the percentage of alcohol increases as the water becomes impure, the liquid in the Croton pipes at this season should be a very satisfactory tipple.

Mr. Hank Monk offers as evidence that he is as able a Rocky Mountain stage-driver as he was in the days of the pioneers the assurance that he can still clip a fly's wing on the leader's ear with his whip-lash.

"Your types do not vary," said Miss Bernhardt. "The American you meet in Boston you meet also in Texas." If she were to return to either place and repeat this opinion, she would perhaps have an opportunity to see whether those types are identical when not in repose.

While the recent floods in the Missouri River Valley were raging, a man in Kansas City proposed to furnish the medical colleges with subjects for the dissecting-rooms by stretching a seine across the swollen river.

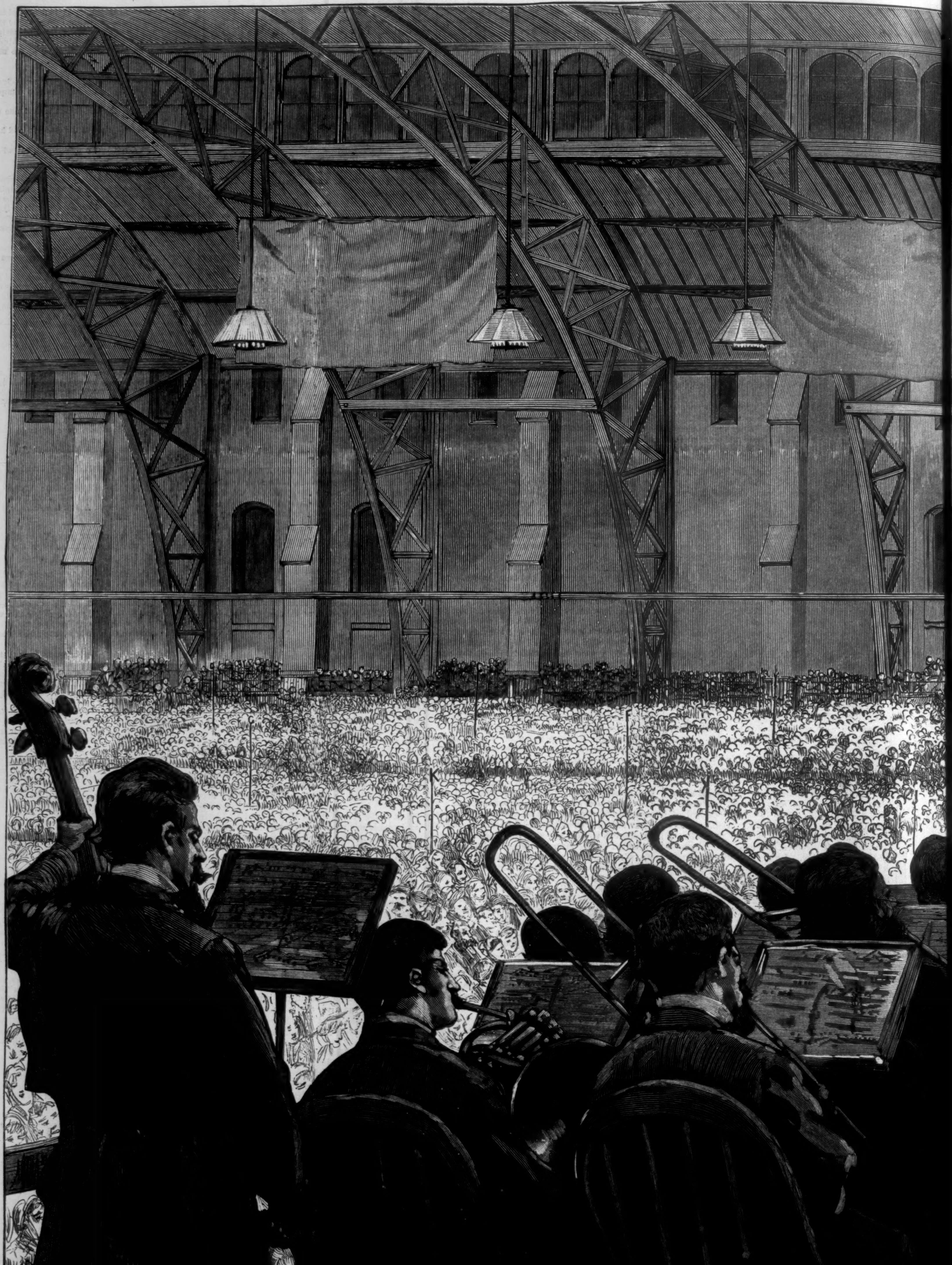
An Illinois pond was entirely frozen over last winter, and, according to a Chicago paper, it was found when the ice broke up that the fish under it had been so numerous that thousands of them were smothered.

A New England stone-ware manufacturing firm is ahead of all others in offering to take the contract for supplying the crematory in Washington, Pennsylvania, with an assortment of urns to be kept there for sale.

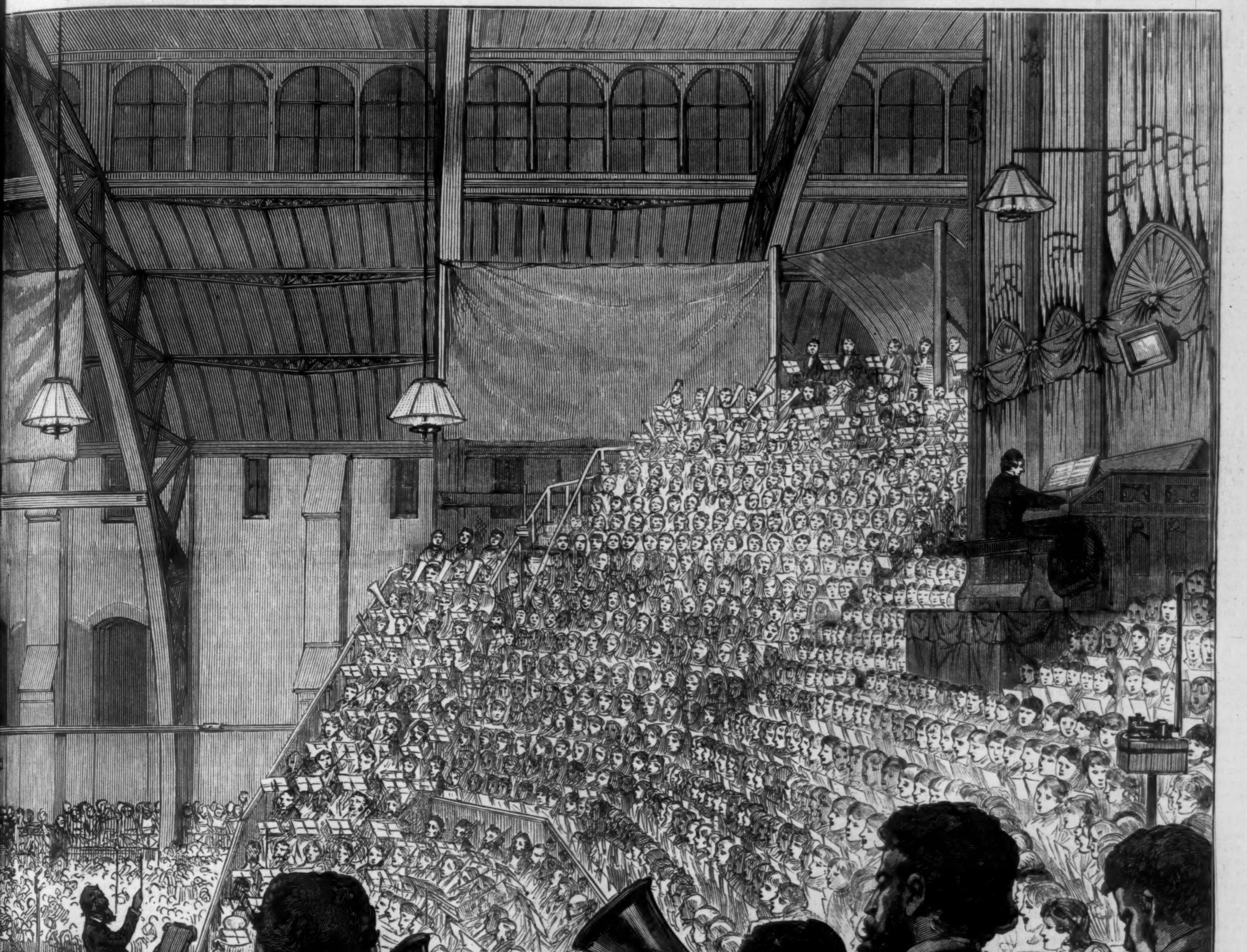
The robust fancy of a Western journalist brought forth a story of a flock of geese that were made drunk by eating brandy-soaked cherries. Then his pathos came into play in depicting the dismay of the geese when they became sober, and found that in the interval of oblivion their thrifty owner had supposed them fatally poisoned, and had picked them, in order to be able to sell the proceeds as live-geese feathers.

A young woman in Monongahela City, Pennsylvania, threatens to sue the Pittsburgh papers for libel, because they announced that a showman had selected her as the prettiest woman in America, and had offered her ten thousand dollars to travel as such during the season with his circus.

It is said that before the Czar of Russia went to his present residence, the castle of Gatschina, thirty miles from the capital, several hundred artisans were assembled at midnight in the church at Gatschina, and sworn to secrecy as to the alterations they were to be required to make about the palace. The work was completed within forty-eight hours, and the nature of the precautions against assassination is said to have been revealed as follows by members of the working gang: A subterranean passage was made from the Czar's room to the stables, where horses are to be kept saddled and bridled day and night. The imperial bed-chamber has two windows, protected at night by massive iron shutters, which can only be reached from the outside by passing through three spacious antechambers, in which are posted eighty Cossacks, armed to the teeth. They are allowed to speak and to move about in the two outer rooms, but in the hall adjoining the Czar's bedroom silence is maintained all night. The general on duty for the day sits in an easy-chair, his Cossacks sitting on the divan which runs around the room. At the general's right hand is the knob of an electric apparatus which rings a bell in every guard-house within the palace grounds. When the Emperor is about to retire, before shutting the door he removes the outer handle, so that no entrance can be effected until he personally opens the door from the inside.



THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN THE SEVENTH REGIM



REGIMENT ARMORY.—Drawn by T. De Thulstrup.—[See Page 335.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

VERY FINE IDEAS.

But his strong sense of duty failed to carry him into this "Gypsying," as out-door parties away from home were called in that more simple time. The money and provisions he would furnish, when convinced that other wealthy people had to do the like, and when allowed to grumble without any contradiction. Outside his own desk, it was his chief ambition to settle his daughter Julia well, for he was really proud as well as truly fond of Julia. And to hear that she had enjoyed herself, and made a good figure among rich people, and to receive a grateful kiss from her brightly smiling lips, was very nearly as good to him as a sounder investment of the cash. Therefore, when he got his pipe that evening, he said that they might go as far as five-and-twenty guineas, so long as they bothered him no more about it.

Miss Touchwood at once resolved in private to stick at nothing short of fifty guineas, if she could manage to spend so much; for she wished to make a stir in the neighborhood, and arouse a spirit of lively competition. And she managed to persuade her dear papa that this noble scheme would at once release him from giving grand dinners for a month to come, and also relieve him from the great-gunned assault setting in upon the most sacred arches of his cellars. For a canon of Exeter had discovered (providentially, as he told his wife, who said—yes that was the proper word, for his dear constitution required a fillip) that in the cellar at Touchwood Park lingered still a ruby shadow of the finest vintage ever known upon the Alto Douro—the finest, but the scantiest, when the grapes were trodden by the war-horse. It was a wine distinctly placed far above the range of lay understanding; and the canon (though strongly adjured by Mrs. Botrys to confine his discovery to his own bosom) in a genial discussion of some bottles of his own, with a brother canon and a prebendary, frankly referred to that loftier standard, and a meeting of the Chapter was held next day.

"You may still save some of that dry old stuff from the even drier people who come after it"—with such words she comforted her father—"by giving these Gypsyings instead of dinner parties. Even a canon can not expect port so early in the day, even if it bore the carriage, and they don't know anything about Champagne. Papa, you might get a lot at an auction, or smuggled, at about a pound a dozen. Nobody would suspect you, and nothing could be fairer. The government try to cheat you always, and you have a right to cheat the government."

"Julia," said Sir Joseph, with a deep interior twinkle, which might have been interpreted, "Instruct your grandfather in the suction of gallinaceous products," "my daughter, it is better not to say such things, even without meaning them. Persons not conversant with my career, and slow-mouthed at making or taking a joke, would misunderstand you, and stare, and talk about it; whereas, if there is one rule of the very highest principle, it is to have no words about a contract made for the nation's good, and carried out with energy. I have a bin of very ancient Hock, possibly a little beyond its prime. The sourer it is, the more the clever people smack their lips. Work it off first, my dear; you know some words of German; nobody else does, and it will prove your schooling. Half a pinch of snuff, and then the chair to put my legs up."

The lady of the house was not best pleased with her daughter for coming forward so. "What do you know about such things?" she asked. "If you take any more upon yourself, you may take all. I shall stay at home, and you may put all the invitations in your own name. No doubt that would be the proper thing to do, according to the style the chits of girls are now introducing from America. Don't say another word. I won't go."

This was rather awkward; but the clever girl got over it, smoothed down her mother to sweet interest in the matter. And the most delicious invitations, such as ladies alone can write, convinced everybody who received one that the whole success of a daring enterprise hung upon his or her acceptance. And more than that, everybody wanted to be there.

"Oh, I do wish that I could go," cried Rose, running with a letter into "Naboth's Vineyard," as she wickedly called the last hobby of the Captain, because she had not the free run of it; "it is such a glorious idea, father dear! And to think of my getting such a sweet invitation! All of it is done to please you, of course. But I know how hard you are to please."

"And how easy to displease," her father answered, smiling, with his thoughtful face rather red from stooping; "an Ogre, a Draco, a child-devouring Saturn. Show me this honeyed invitation, Rosie, that my malice may find an outlet. By the Poles, how affectionate the lady is! 'Darling Rose!' Whose darling are you?"

"Papa, I am so glad whenever you are jealous! But read on. Do be fair, for once."

"'Darling Rose,'" read Mr. Arthur, with well-feigned wrath, well softened off; "'for *really* your kindness to my *dear son* compels me to cast off formality—will you do us yet *another favor?* In the quietest of all quiet ways, and with one or two *delightful people* coming, chiefly dignitaries of the Church, we are going to that *most romantic* spot, Fingle Bridge, next Thursday. We propose to do nothing more than *look about*, with an interval of mild refreshment. It has been said that we should refresh our taste for the *grand and the beautiful* more often than we do. I scarcely understand what such things mean; but *I feel*, when they tell me, that I am *bound* to do it. If *Captain Arthur* could be induced, by any sense of duty, to join us, how he would *enhance* our pleasure, and be able to explain to the Reverend Gentlemen the names of the trees, etc.! But that, I fear, is a *hopeless thing*. Only do coax him, for I am quite sure that you *can coax* irresistibly, to let you come to this *most secluded* party; and a carriage with a lady friend of yours inside it, Miss Perperaps, the daughter of the Doctor, will be ready for you, at your *private gate*, at *ten o'clock on Thursday*. Ever gratefully and truly yours, Mariana Touchwood.'" Her church name was "Mary Anne."

"Now it is a pretty letter, and full of generosity," Rose exclaimed, with the fervor of bright youth, "and so kind of them, too, to invite Sporetta. I like Sporetta, she is so straightforward; and if she had been at all at a good school, she would have been the choicest girl you can conceive. Oh, how I do wish I could go!"

"Stop! Here is a postscript about your friend. 'We have not asked Spotty yet, and do not mean to do so unless we hear that you will join us. Julia Touchwood.' What do you say to that, my child?"

"Well, I think that whoever put that in must be candid and truthful, but not very nice. Miss Touchwood is a very great beauty, I believe; but I don't think I should like her. As regards Master Dicky, they owe her at least a hundred times as much as they owe me. And they should have invited her first of all. I don't care at all about going now among such ungrateful people."

"You are a most hot-headed little creature," Mr. Arthur answered, though his smile undid his censure; "but look at it in another way, my dear. Possibly Miss Perperaps longs to go most awfully (according to the phrase they all use now, but which I especially object to), and if you decline, you destroy her chance."

"But, papa, I was sure that you would never let me go."

"Oh, then, that was why the grapes were sour! My darling, I can not bear to rob you of every enjoyment, for the short time such enjoyment lasts. You have never seen the loveliest spot round Dartmoor, and I think that you ought to go, for your friend's sake. Neither of you has much change of scene, or chance of harmless pleasure. I particularly wish you to go, my Rosie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONOPOLIES.

There are certain fundamental principles on which the permanence of republican institutions depends. Among these none is more important than the old principle of all government that "the crown can not permanently divest itself of its royalty." In other words, the government can not permanently give to a subject any of the public powers it possesses. If it could, it might part with one and another and another of its powers, until it had shorn itself of all its strength, and erected within its own domain a thousand petty governments exercising its rights and defying its control.

A corporation is in theory a small section of the government. It is composed of individuals who are to a certain extent relieved of personal responsibility, and are authorized to exercise powers which, without special grant, could not be exercised except by the government itself. It was an ancient custom of crowns to grant exclusive rights of using these powers to individuals or corporations, but the absolute government of those days never was so short-sighted as to lose the control of the monopolist, or part with its power to take from him again the franchise it had given him. In modern times, with more wise and free institutions, the danger attending grants of monopolies has been recognized, and if made at all, they are limited to brief periods. But notwithstanding the known evil attending the gift and exercise of exclusive powers, it is the fact that, without government grants, corporations do now become so wealthy and powerful that they are able to prevent competition, destroy or absorb into themselves all whose rivalry could be a possible check on their operations, and thus create stronger and more durable and oppressive monopolies than ever existed in the ancient days. An autocratic government can protect its own revenues and the industries and estates of its subjects by summary dealing with these evils. Popular governments find the created monopolies vastly more difficult to deal with, and they become dangerous enemies to free institutions. It is therefore of vastly greater importance in popular governments that the growth and power of large corporations should be checked, especially when those corporations control the means of commercial and personal intercourse of the people with one another.

Examples of the injury suffered by the people, and the loss of the government's ability to protect the people's rights, are not wanting among us. Railway and telegraph companies become singly powerful, or powerful by the combination of two or three or more companies, the combination being made expressly to prevent healthy competition, and thus create a monopoly which shall be able to tax commerce and industry as it may please.

A charter is granted to a railway company. The people give to this company power to exercise the right of eminent domain, whereby private property is taken for public purposes, and with this power the company receives the right to exercise other public powers. No individual is responsible, beyond the money he contributes to the formation of the new power to go into operation. Possibly no money is contributed. The very grant itself is so valuable that money can be borrowed on a mortgage of the grant, the money being used to reduce the franchise to practical working condition.

In the early history of a new country such an arrangement seems admirable as a means of developing the territory, affording needed conveniences to the increase of population, the growth of industries, the improved value of lands, and general prosperity. It was with such ideas as this that vast corporations have been created in this country. But in former years no one anticipated the increase of population and the immense accumulations of wealth which the commercial and industrial progress of the country has brought about.

Railroad, telegraph, and other corporations received grants of public powers because they were supposed to be necessary servants to the industries of the people. It is now apparent that they have ceased to be servants, and become masters. They were created to be useful, and were authorized to receive from commerce a fair repayment for the service rendered it by their use of the public powers which had been granted them. We now see some of these corporations vast principalities, no longer serving, but commanding and controlling the commerce and industry of the country, no longer in the position of paid laborers for service rendered, but imposing heavy charges on the people at their own will, and collecting their oppressive taxes with the unconscionable tyranny of monopolists. The people who own the powers exercised by these corporations intrusted the powers to them for the public good, and these franchises, managed for selfish ends, have become a public burden intolerable to the people themselves. Nor is this all. The growth to which these corporations have attained makes it exceedingly doubtful whether the government, the people, will ever be able to recover the powers. The monopolist company has become a small government in itself. Its stockholders and bondholders are among the people, and their independent action as voters is seriously affected against the public good by their private interests. The great railway company has more power over the commerce of a city than the State itself possesses: it can elevate or depress the commercial interests of a whole population; it can make or unmake the value of a port on the sea-coast or a central dépôt city in the interior; it can give preferences to the agriculture or the manufactures of different localities by imposing unequal tariffs on access to markets. Its laws and regulations thus become more direct imposts on the industrial pursuits of men, rich and poor, than the laws of the State. The people who are thus affected have no remedy as against this new government which has been erected over them, except by endeavoring to reach it through the State which created it. In this attempt it is discovered that while holding the property of the people in one grasp, the great monopolist power has another strong grasp on the popular government itself.

If it happen that in local elections there be unscrupulous politicians who control primary meetings and nominations, the money of the corporation becomes the most efficient agent in choosing the men to become law-makers for the people. If direct corruption be not practicable, it employs thousands of persons whom it uses as voters, and with whose votes it is able to control elections here and there. Its elected representatives are found in Legislatures, where they are able to bargain with other corrupt legislators for exchanges of votes, and thus defeat the attempts of the people either to recover their lost powers or to regulate the use of them in the hands of the monopolists. And while thus directly interfering with the law-making power, the great corporations obtain strong control over the law-interpreting power. In their extensive business it becomes necessary to have legal advice, and lawyers in all large towns and cities are retained and employed in contests which involve the fundamental disputes between corporate powers and public or private rights. Insensibly to themselves a vast number of able lawyers cease to hold impartial views, and adopt opinions of law wholly in favor of corporations as against the people. This leads to one of the greatest dangers now overhanging us. Such lawyers go up to the benches and sit in all our courts. In the profession they were familiarly known as "corporation lawyers," and on the bench they are corporation judges. There is no need of attributing corrupt action to our courts. We have no reason to apprehend that any such degradation has overtaken us. But "corporation law" has obtained such hold on the minds of men long accustomed to contend for corporations, that they carry it with them to the seat of the judges. The result is notorious, and not to be disputed, that principles of law are enunciated from the bench, and reported in the books for future reference, which might make lawyers of the days of **Kent** and **Marshall** and **Story** restless in their graves. Attempts of the government to regulate the exercise of the franchises it has given to corporations are met with opinions of judges leaning toward the doctrine that the corporations are independent states, with absolute indefeasible sovereignty. Suits by private citizens to protect private property from corporate seizure without compensation are dismissed by courts, which tell them, "Your private property was subject to the right of the public to use it for public benefit, and the people have given to this corporation the right to use it for its own benefit, and the corporation, so far as you are concerned, now stands in the shoes of the government." In every case in the courts in which a question arises between the right of the people to rule the corporation and the right of the corporation to rule the people, there is visible, to say the very least, a strong predisposition on the part of some judges to sustain the corporation. Thus it has come about that the doctrine prevails to-day in our courts that a grant of a franchise carries with it the grant of a right to do anything and everything—whosesoever rights stand in the way—which may be necessary to the exercise and enjoyment of the franchise; with the additional interpretation that "enjoyment" means making the franchise profitable to the pocket of the corporation. And in this way has grown up that condition of things which we now see in New York, where private enjoyment of private property in houses standing on public highways which have been public highways ever since New York was a Dutch village is suddenly destroyed; the public road of ancient days is transformed into a quasi-public but in truth a private road for the private enjoyment of the stockholders of a private corporation; and the householder, who now lives on neither a street nor a railroad, in darkness where once was the light of a civilized city, is dismissed with the assurance that he has lost nothing, because he never possessed anything, and must be content with this wise result of modern corporation law.

That this is a gigantic wrong, no one doubts. It is important to bear in mind that the wrong is the result of the control which the modern corporation mania has acquired in Legislatures and courts. It does not rest on any old principles. It is new law, made by courts for these new days.

Just here it is desirable to remind our readers in brief terms of the actual power which the people possess in distinction from the powers they have chosen to commit to the Legislature. The constitution-making power is a thousandfold greater than the power exercised by representatives under a constitution. The people are omnipotent in human affairs. The people of each State are absolute, supreme, as uncontrolled as any autocrat on earth, with the sole exception of the restraints which are imposed by their union with other States in the Constitution of the United States. When their legislators become the tools of corporations, when it seems impossible to make and execute laws controlling great monopolies, the people have it still in their power to revolutionize their government, and with their own votes overthrow oppressive structures which their Legislatures have created and fostered. This truth is too much overlooked by people and corporations. Whatever public powers Legislatures have given to corporations, the ultimate control and use of these powers is in the people still, and nothing can hinder them when they determine to resume them. The crown can not finally divest itself to its subject of any particle of its royalty. The very essence of sovereignty, autocratic or popular, is its supremacy over all affairs within its domain, and whatever public powers it may have given to a subject, it may always summarily retake. No individual, court, or other creation within itself can enjoin, hinder, or prevent its doing so.

Citizens should always understand that the people are not subject to their Legislatures, but that their legislators are chosen to exercise functions committed to them by the whole people, in and under a prescribed form of constitution, which the people may be compelled to alter, amend, abolish, or reconstruct.

If the attitude of opposition between monopolies and the people continues until the influence of the former becomes omnipotent in Legislatures and courts, there remains to popular government the ability of reforming its courts and Legislature, and putting its heavy and irresistible tread on overgrown and offensive monopolies.

But we do not believe that as yet any such remedy is necessary. Public opinion, the accumulation of private opinions, the result of information, education, and sound judgment, is yet able to control the action of Legislatures and compel the solemn study of judges.

The gravity of a contest between the people and a portion of themselves agglomerated in great monopolist corporations can not be overrated. It is now well known—the boast on one side and the sorrow on the other side—that in one and another way, by the use of their wealth and their armies of votes, great monopolist corporations are enabled to exercise a visible control over Legislatures and courts, and to declare themselves in many particulars independent of the popular governments which gave them existence.

This is the position in which matters stand today in relation to more than one great corporation in this country. The people have almost lost their sovereignty, and will entirely lose it if the present tendency of things continues a few years longer. Such corporations occupy the position of the robber knights of old times. Acknowledging the nominal sovereignty of the empire, to which they pay as little or as much support as they please, they levy taxes at will on every farm, village, traveller, and merchant within their reach, and ridicule the plundered who propose to appeal to the emperor for redress. That old style of local monopoly ended when the empire crushed the robber and burned his castle, leaving its ruins to be a monumental warning for later civilization. The illustration does not exaggerate the present relations existing between the people and the corporations which are the creatures of the people. The merchants of New York and the farmers of the great West, the sellers of products on the seaboard and the producers in the interior, all agriculturists, manufacturers, and artisans in the country, are suffering from the lawlessness, or the exactions under color of law, of these corporations in the exercise of the franchises which the people have placed in their hands.

There is but one way out of this state of affairs. The people may correct the evil before it is too late by breaking the monopolies to pieces, resuming the powers which have been misused, compelling corporation judges to study law and forget old forensic opinions, electing legislators who will be faithful anti-monopolists, and faithful representatives of the popular sovereignty.

The evil is deep-seated, and it requires sharp, active, courageous treatment. An honest Legislature of trustworthy men, chosen to recover for the people the powers now wielded by monopolies, would remedy the evil in a short session. But such a Legislature will not be chosen until the voters are wide-awake to the danger, and so wide-awake that they will make personal selection of their candidates, choosing them as they would choose men to take care of their fortunes—men whom they know, and know they can trust. When the people thus select their representatives in Legislatures, we may hope to see the strong arm of government reached out to recover and wield for the people those powers which great corporations now use to oppress them.

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

From its very inception the New York May Musical Festival had certain elements of success. Dr. Damrosch, with whom it originated, commanded respect by reason of his well-known musical talents, his extraordinary perseverance, and the record of the Symphony and Oratorio societies, whose leader he is, while the managers of the affair were men of consummate tact and rare business ability. Even the organization of the chorus, which might be regarded as a strictly musical matter, showed considerable shrewdness in other respects. The Oratorio Society, of course, formed the nucleus; it was the Old Guard of Dr. Damrosch's army of singers. But it was furthermore strengthened by recruits from the suburbs and neighboring towns—from Brooklyn and New Jersey, and from along the Hudson as far up as Nyack—so that all these districts felt a certain pride in the success of the festival. That such was the case was attested by the many people from out of town who attended the afternoon as well as the evening performances. The soloists were chosen from the best talent in the country. Among them were Madame Gerster, Miss Cary, and Signor Campanini. The orchestra was composed of the finest musicians in New York and other large cities, and the drill-room of the Seventh Regiment Armory was selected as the auditorium.

The first impression of the festival was a sense of its vastness. The large hall; the huge stage, crowned by the grand organ; the orchestra of two hundred and fifty; massed behind this, the chorus of twelve hundred; and above these, in the Berlioz *Requiem*, four bands of brass instruments—all these, arrayed before an audience of ten thousand, produced a sensation of immensity. And when the conductor waved his wand, when the chorus rose, when the orchestral players levelled their bows or raised their instruments for the first flourish, one expected an overwhelming volume of sound. And right here was the first surprise, and to many the first disappointment. Chorus and orchestra were immense compared with those we have heard in smaller halls, and yet it was not large in proportion to the building. Dr. Damrosch, with the forces of the Symphony and Oratorio societies, has produced grander effects in Steinway Hall than at any time during the festival. This was no doubt in a measure due to the arrangement of the chorus and orchestra, parts of which had to be stationed far above the audience, and as sound does not descend, the great volume of tone floated over the auditorium. In some respects, however, this was an advantage. In the Berlioz *Requiem*, for instance, in which orchestra, brass bands, and voices are at their loudest, the numbers were massive without being noisy, while in the softer passages the sound might have come from some distant chapel, it was so sweet and pure.

The *Requiem* was the principal feature of the festival. It is only on such exceptional occasions that its performance is possible, for it requires unusual preparations. Its proportions are so colossal that it has been spoken of as "architectural" or "monumental" music, and it was this work which prompted Heinrich Heine to refer to Berlioz as a lark of eagle's size, such as are said to have existed in the primeval world. "His magical accents," continues Heine, "call up to our minds Babylon, the hanging gardens of Nineveh, the daring edifices of Mizraim." The *Sanctus*, the tenor solo in which was sung by Signor Campanini, was the most effective part of the *Requiem*. Signor Campanini's voice blended beautifully with the tremolo of the orchestra and the tremor of the accompanying chorus.

The *Requiem* was composed at the request of M. De Gasparin, Minister of the Interior, in 1856. Some say it was written in honor of General Danrémont, others in honor of the French soldiers killed at the siege of Constantina. As a matter of fact, it was composed in honor of both. Surely these military souls ought to have turned out in dress parade to escort Berlioz when he came to join them—Berlioz, who thought he couldn't do justice to their memory without a chorus, an orchestra, and four brass bands. The work is so difficult to perform that Dr. Damrosch may be pardoned for occasionally losing full control of his forces. It was in the main a grand and effective performance—a performance which redounded alike to the honor of the leader and the pluck of the forces he commanded.

The other compositions which were heard with the greatest interest were the selections from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, the *Ninth Symphony*, Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*. The *Te Deum* was written to commemorate the victory won at Dettingen on June 27, 1743. "It is therefore," says Mr. Krehbiel, in the scholarly analysis in the programme-book which he wrote for the festival, "a *pièce d'occasion*, and belongs in the category of works which are usually counted ephemeral; but it has lasted nearly one hundred and thirty-eight years, and will continue to live until the modern spirit has eradicated all appreciation of the old." It is further on spoken of as a hasty composition. Perhaps the haste with which Handel had to write it accounts for its being in many parts a plagiarism of a similar composition by Vrio, a contemporary or an immediate predecessor of Handel. Perhaps when old Handel crossed the Styx he saw Vrio waiting for him with a club on the other shore. Probably Handel called out to him, in his broken English, "Vot's de madder wid you, anyhow? Haven't I made you immortal? Won't beoble say, whenever der *Dettingen Te Deum* is given, 'He shtole it from Vrio'?"

The results of the Musical Festival are not to be measured by the delight it gave to the large audiences of last week. It must be measured by the new stimulus given to the art, by its effect upon the popular taste, by the enthusiasm it has awakened for the best and noblest in music, and by the testimony of our culture which it proclaims to the world.

Gustav Kobbé.

SIGHTS ABOUT NAPLES.

A Slumbering Volcano.—Lake Avernus.—The River Styx.—Queer Charons.—Italian Guides.

Naples, *April* 9, 1881.

Naples is not a pleasant place of residence for people with weak nerves. There are too many casualties in the way of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. A little while ago the island of Ischia tumbled to pieces, burying nearly a whole village, and killing several hundred of the inhabitants. Vesuvius is at present very quiet, and not emitting more smoke in proportion to her size than that which issues from a meerschaum pipe between the lips of a practiced smoker; but her record is very bad, and there is no knowing at what moment she may relapse into her old ways, and bury a town or two at a few hours' notice. It is neither cheerful nor soothing to know that one is living in a house built of material that once came from the bowels of the earth in the shape of boiling lava, or to be told during an evening walk that the hill towering just above one's head is an extinct volcano. Outside, however, of the sense of security that begins to be wanting as soon as these facts are explained, the city is as brilliant, as picturesque, and as beautiful as nature, combined with the genius of an art-loving race worshipping at the shrine of beauty, and careless of anything but luxury and pleasure, can make it.

The Neapolitan is of the opinion that life should be a pageant, and the hours passed in serene enjoyment of whatever there may be of an enjoyable nature, without any needless worry as to what may be coming next. This accounts for the depleted purses of the aristocracy, who have a way of spending their fortunes lavishly while they last, and for the countless numbers of picturesque and merry beggars that infest the streets. Naples was born of idleness, if we may trust Ovid, the idleness of those luxurious old Romans who made a pleasure-ground of the shores of its lovely bay, and centuries and earthquakes have not changed its character. In fact, the only inhabitants of Naples who, according to our observation, are weighted with any sense of responsibility, or who are at all disposed to take life seriously and gravely, are the donkeys. These poor animals are as solemn and depressed as is natural with creatures who bear burdens three times their own size, are belabored and beaten and tweaked by the tail all day, and then sent to pass their nights in a cellar on a bed of musty straw, with such a supper as can be collected for them by ragged urchins more interested in their own needs than those of the poor beasts they care for.

Nearly all the wonderful sights of Naples lie outside the city. Since our arrival here we have been making a series of pilgrimages, first to one point and then to another. We have visited Pompeii, and roamed through the streets of the buried city; we have seen Baiæ, now an insignificant and dilapidated village, but once the most famous and magnificent watering-place in all the Roman Empire; we have wandered among the ruins of Pozzuoli, where St. Paul once lingered for a week; and climbed the hills of Sorrento, famous in modern days through Mrs. Stowe's lovely romance. While at Pozzuoli we thought we would educate ourselves for Vesuvius, by trying the crater of a half-extinct volcano. We are shy of volcanoes, and shall probably always retain a prejudice against them. They are things with too many unpleasant possibilities hanging about, and in spite of the cheerful confidence displayed by the Neapolitans in their lovely hills and mountains, we persist in viewing such tumultuous bits of mother earth with distrust.

Solfatara is an amiable volcano that lies just above Pozzuoli, and has been quiet now for six hundred years. The only evidences of its formerly tumultuous disposition is a constant emission from a small cavern in the rock of clouds of sulphurous vapor. The approach to the crater lies along a steep hill, but one not so precipitous but that a fine carriage-road has been made, leading into what was once a lake of boiling lava. Now trees are growing in it, and but for the clouds of smoke rising in one remote corner, it would be a beautiful little valley, surrounded on all sides but one with giant rocks, and covered with rich vegetation. As usual, we were much tormented with guides, one of whom ran before us with a great stone, wherewith he pounded the ground under our feet, and convinced us, by the hollow sound, that we were separated only by a thin crust from the molten mass beneath. Even a stamp of the foot itself will awaken a soft reverberation, and show how slightly the awful forces are chained, and what a simple matter it would be for them to burst forth again, and destroy the life that has accumulated upon the mountain's sides.

It was rather with fear and trembling that we, two slight American women, approached the vaporous clouds, and allowed a stout guide to half push and half drag our prostrate forms into the little grotto of stone from which they issue. By keeping the face to the ground there is a sufficient current of cool air to be breathed, but the moment the head is raised more than a few inches, the hot, sulphurous fumes burn and scorch the skin. With our bodies in a most uncomfortable position, and our noses assaulted by the deadliest smell of brimstone, we watched a boiling, bubbling mass of tiny stones and minerals, beautiful in color, bounding and leaping as if they were endowed with life. This is the last remnant of Solfatara's volcanic activity, these tiny bubbling stones and the masses of steam and vapor that pour forth and fill the air with their intense heat and terrible odor. The sight was very wonderful, but it filled us with a little too much horror, and we were sincerely glad to feel the guide take possession of our feet, and drag us back into cooler and more comfortable quarters.

On the same day that we visited Solfatara we had another experience in penetrating into the bowels of the earth. From the mountain-top we descended to the shores of Lake Avernus, and thence we entered the mouth of that awful passage that leads to the river Styx. Tradition asserts that no bird could fly across Avernus and live, owing to its poisonous exhalations, and that the neighboring ravines were the abode of the dismal, sunless Cimmerii. Virgil, too, represents this as the scene of the descent of Æneas, conducted by the sibyl to the infernal regions. We found nothing very frightful about Avernus, which seems like a quiet little inland lake; but we did suffer immensely as we surrendered ourselves to the guidance of three most villainous-looking Italians, and entered that dreadful passageway. On it goes, step after step, hewn in the solid rock, which is blackened by the smoke of innumerable torches, until at last the under-ground river is reached. Nothing can be more weird, more horrible, more depressing than the scene. We had made up our minds, however, to cross the Styx, and would not be deterred by any effect upon our nerves. What kind of a Charon we had expected is not now very clear; but it certainly did seem that if disembodied spirits were ferried over in a boat, live mortals like ourselves might find some rational means of crossing. Soon we apprehended that the only way to make the transit was to mount upon the backs of those villainous-looking Italians. Fifty images of horror attacked us at once. We distrusted the men when upon our own feet. What our feelings were when we mounted their shoulders and suffered ourselves to be conveyed across that dismal stream, it is not worth while to try to describe. The Styx, however, is not very deep, for our strange barks only drew some three feet of water; neither is it very wide, for a few minutes' voyage took us to the grotto of the sibyl. Here we splashed our hands in the baths of lukewarm water where the mysterious prophetess once bathed, we called to each other through the cavity in the rock where her oracles were delivered, and with irreverent feet we trod the mosaic floor, and mounted to the empty shrine, which the ancient Romans fancied to be the scene of miracles and the habitation of a god. It is too bad to have one's impression of the localities which gave rise to the traditions of classic lore mixed up with deadly terror of three commonplace natives of Italy. Ours certainly were; and yet those sturdy, black-browed men, with gleaming eyes, deeply lined foreheads, upon whose shoulders we rode, and who we certainly expected would murder us in the dim recesses of that awful cavern, really wanted nothing more than to be paid three times what the service was worth, and then go home and eat their macaroni in lazy, placid comfort.

V.

ANOTHER EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

The project of building a bridge across the East River to connect upper New York with Long Island was originally started some fourteen years ago, when a charter was obtained from the State Legislature, but nothing was done about it. In 1872 a new charter was granted, under which a company was formed, and funds were raised for the purposes of construction. The bridge will be 150 feet high, and will rest on four piers, one on the New York side near the foot of East Seventy-seventh Street, one on the Ravenswood side, and one on each side of Blackwell's Island. There will be a span of 734 feet over the western channel of the East River and Blackwell's Island, and a span of 620 feet over the eastern channel. On the New York side there will be a viaduct approach extending from Third Avenue to the river, and connecting with the elevated railways, and with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad by means of a tunnel. This viaduct will be about 3000 feet long. The river spans will be connected by a viaduct across Blackwell's Island 620 feet long. On Long Island there will be a viaduct approach reaching from the river to Lockwood Avenue, about 4000 feet. The total length of the structure will be nearly two miles.

The bridge will carry two railway tracks in the centre, designed for standard engines and cars, and two highways and sidewalks, one on each side, designed for general loads of 40 pounds per square foot, and special loads of 100 pounds per square foot. The viaducts will be of the same general construction as the "high structure" on Eighth Avenue between One-hundred-and-tenth and One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Streets, on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway. The spans will be of the design known to engineers as "trussed chain suspension" bridges, and will be made of iron or steel, as may be found best.

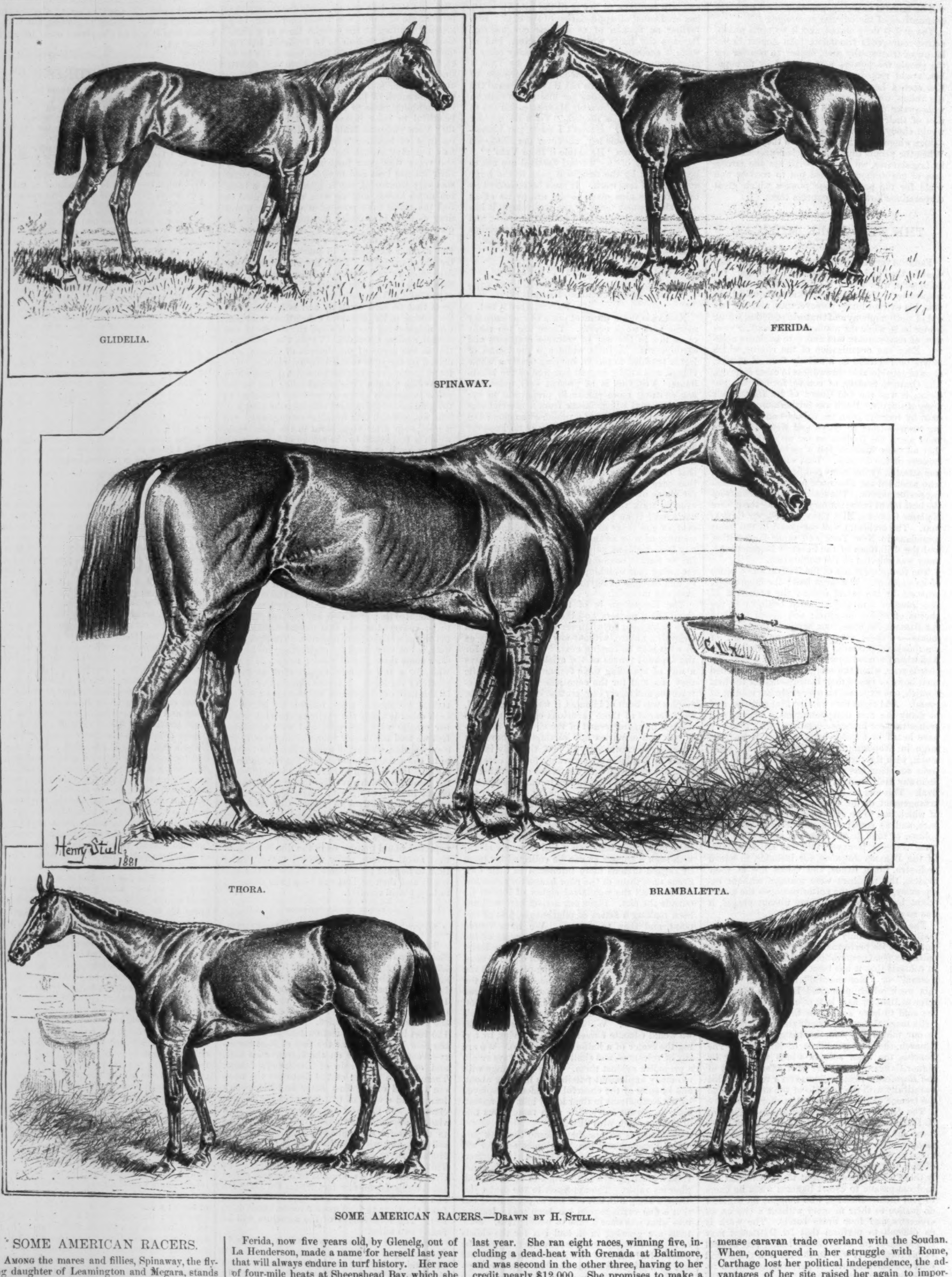
The principal contractor for the bridge is Thomas Rainey, Esq., of Ravenswood, Long Island. The iron-work will be designed and constructed by Clarke, Reeves, & Co., of Phœnixville, Pennsylvania. The total cost of the bridge is estimated at five millions of dollars, and it is expected that it will be completed on or before December 31, 1883.

LIFE PICTURES.

Deeper and darker within the room
Fell the shadow of coming night,
And over a picture half cut in wood
An engraver bent in the waning light.
"It has grown so dark that I can not see,"
He said, as he laid his tools away.
"Line after line, it is wearisome work,
And I have accomplished but little to-day.
I wonder if any who look at this,
The picture the artist carefully drew,
Will think how each little line must be cut
In wood, with a hand that is firm and true.
I thought, to-day, as I slowly worked,
How much the picture that I have made
Is like the life that we lead each day:
Side by side fall the light and shade,
And each line is like a single day,
And many and many a one it takes;
And yet it is not one line alone
That the beauty and strength of the picture makes.
Neither one day, nor a noble deed,
That makes a life that is lovely and grand,
But the little things that it patience takes
To bear, and to do, and to understand.
And surely every beautiful picture must
Awaken in some of the many who see
A longing or thought that is earnest and true,
And that helps them to braver and stronger be.
And so with life pictures it is, I think;
But 'tis harder, far harder, to make them pure
In life than in wood, for in every life
There is much to bear and much to endure.
But our Father, the Artist above, He sees
Us working below, all our struggles and strife,
And He gave to us Jesus, His Son, for a plan
To guide us in making our picture of life.
And if we do our best, though many a line
May be wavering, broken, or perhaps incomplete,
Yet I think He will tenderly smile on us when
Life's picture is finished, and laid at His feet."

CHINESE NEWSPAPERS.

Until a few years ago advertisements were altogether unknown in Chinese journalism. Such announcements were only to be found at the street corners. Here and there loose leaflets were distributed containing little else than a sensational story of robbery, as the breaking of an armed band into a pawn shop, or an account of the death of a man-eating tiger. Of existing newspapers only one is due to purely Chinese initiative, the so-called *King-pao*, or *Pekin Gazette*, which, solely confined to official decrees, can scarcely be compared with European journals. The *King-pao* is the organ of government, and disdains to concern itself with non-official matters, or anything connected with trade. Advertisements are not to be thought of. On the other hand, it may be regarded as a happy sign of the times that the idea of newspapers in the European sense, or first started by Europeans, is becoming more and more understood and acted on in the coast provinces. There exist at present several papers printed in Chinese characters, partly in Hong-Kong, partly in Shanghai. Amoy has also had for some little time its Chinese organ. The *Shên-pao*, a daily paper, which advocates the progressive interests of the European party, numbers its Chinese subscribers by the ten thousand, and is read not only in Shanghai and the neighborhood, but also here and there in the interior of China, especially in the provincial chief towns and in the treaty ports. As an opposition organ, was founded several years ago, by the anti-European or Mandarin party, the *Sin-pao*, edited after the model of the other, but conducted on a different platform. The *Sin-pao* has also a large contingent of readers. Both papers contain a full reprint of the *King-pao;* the Chinese reader thus saves his subscription to the official organ, and receives besides a large supply of news, which, after he gets used to this kind of reading, interests him exceedingly. If we examine the contents of these sheets, we find, first of all, after the reprint of the state gazette, a leading article. In this is seen the chief difference between the two party papers, unless the subject is purely literary, when there is no opportunity for airing political prejudices. To the latter belong, indeed, questions which with us have long ceased to have anything to do with politics. After this follow matters which for European readers are not only tedious, but difficult to understand—mixed news, partly translated from English papers, partly collected by special reporters from among the people. These news contain mostly matters of fact, and are as trustworthy as in most of the European papers. A considerable *rôle* is played by the accounts of the sittings of the mixed courts. Then come copies of proclamations by the local mandarins, and lastly advertisements, among which will be found announcements of special European firms. Here an apothecary extols an unfailing cure for opium-smoking; there a Geneva watchmaker commends his newest manufacture with Chinese division of time on the dial; a dentist asks attention to his artistic sets of teeth; a Japanese trader to his importation of eye-water; the importer of English and German war materials, as cannons, flints, revolvers, and munitions, sounds the praise of the goods he has for sale, whether Krupps or Armstrongs; then come numerous announcements, as of auctions of all kinds, or the sale of Manila lottery tickets; lastly come market items, daily memoranda on the most important trade articles. An exchange column, as we should call it, gives the different values of the various kinds of money, and a notice of the outgoing and incoming steamers. There is no doubt that Chinese journalism, still in its infancy, forms a powerful means of furthering European interests; even the anti-progressive *Sin-pao* indicates, by its very existence, an advance, in the fact of its utilizing a Western medium of civilization on the part of this conservative people, and may therefore be regarded as a happy sign.



SOME AMERICAN RACERS.—Drawn by H. Stull.

SOME AMERICAN RACERS.

Among the mares and fillies, Spinaway, the flying daughter of Leamington and Megara, stands at the head of the list. It is doubtful if there ever was as good a two-year-old started in this country as Spinaway proved herself until the Long Branch meeting, when, by being compelled to carry a crushing penalty of twelve pounds, she was beaten by Barrett, in a very close finish, in the exceeding fast time three-quarters of a mile in 1.14.

The little filly Brambaletta was a great pet of the race-going public during the past season, and she justified the opinion. Starting in no less than seventeen races (an extraordinary number for a two-year-old), she won ten, was second in four, and third in three, winning over $12,000.

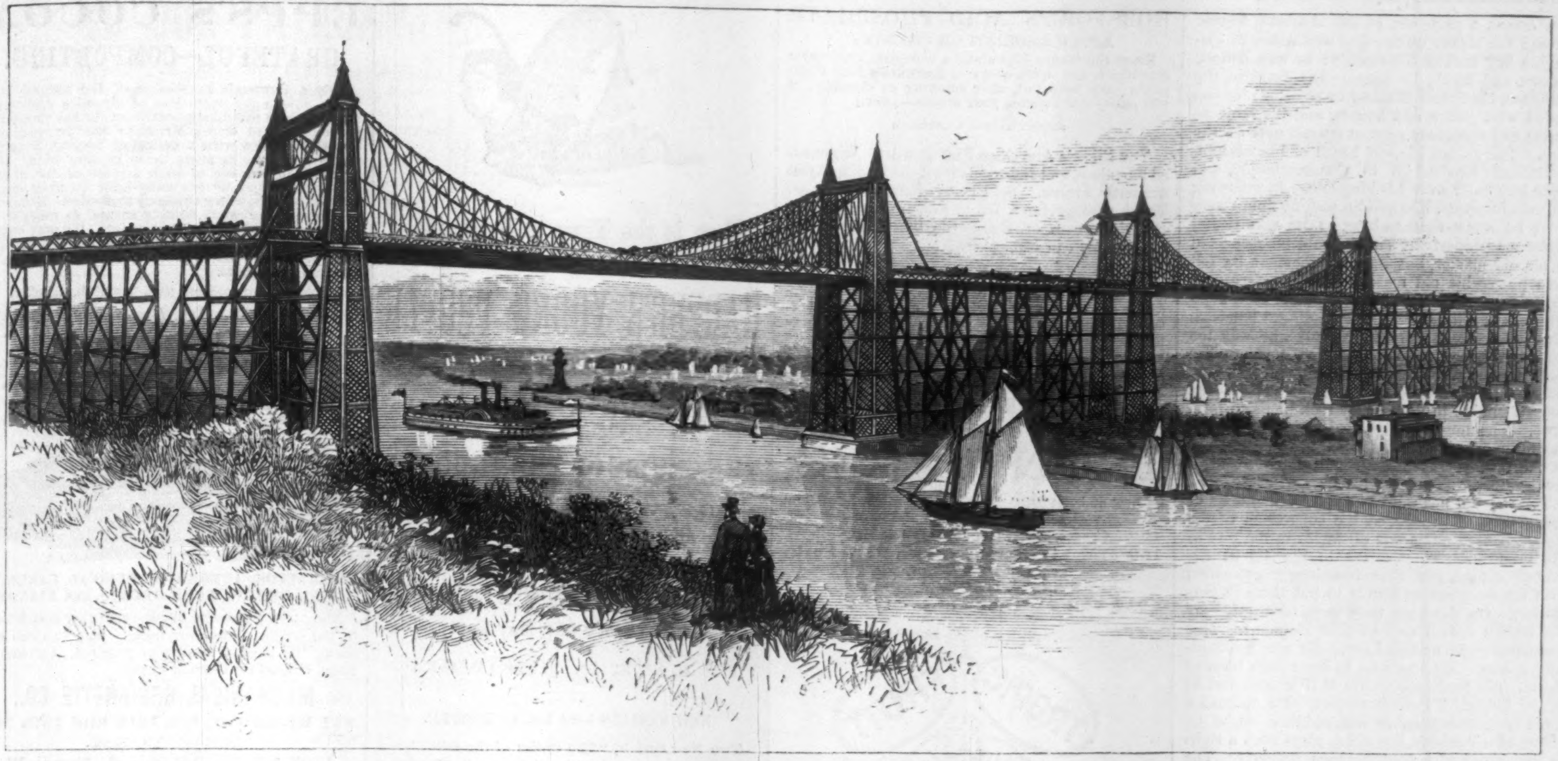
Ferida, now five years old, by Glenelg, out of La Henderson, made a name for herself last year that will always endure in turf history. Her race of four-mile heats at Sheepshead Bay, which she won in two straight heats in the unparalleled time of 7.23½ and 7.41, beating such approved good horses as Glenmore and Irish King, showed her to be one of the best mares over a long distance ever seen in America, if not the very best.

Thora is a great slashing filly, by Longfellow, out of Susan Ann, but was unfortunate in some of her races. She, however, showed great quality as a race-mare, and the coming season will doubtless, with health, see her to the front among the best.

Glidelia, by Bonnie Scotland, out of Waltz, was unquestionably the best three-year-old filly out last year. She ran eight races, winning five, including a dead-heat with Grenada at Baltimore, and was second in the other three, having to her credit nearly $12,000. She promises to make a great name for herself during the coming season in the cups and long-distance races.

TUNIS.

When Queen Dido anticipated Horace Greeley's advice, and went west from Tyre, she struck land, either by accident or calculation, in the best commercial position on the southern sea-board of the Mediterranean. Her new city, placed a little to the south of Cape Bon, at once developed an immense maritime trade with Sicily and Spain, and an immense caravan trade overland with the Soudan. When, conquered in her struggle with Rome, Carthage lost her political independence, the advantages of her site raised her again to importance, and in the days of St. Augustine she was one of the great cities of the Roman Empire. Even when the last remains of the old Phœnician settlement were obliterated by the Mohammedan invasion, a great power arose nearly on the same spot, and Kairwan was the capital of a wide empire. The ruins of Kairwan and Carthage are both in what is called the Regency of Tunis, and the geographical advantages of Tunis are still the same. Tunis is nominally a province of the Turkish Empire; practically it is independent of the Sultan. The French colony of Algiers, however, is on one side, and Sicily is in sight. France is



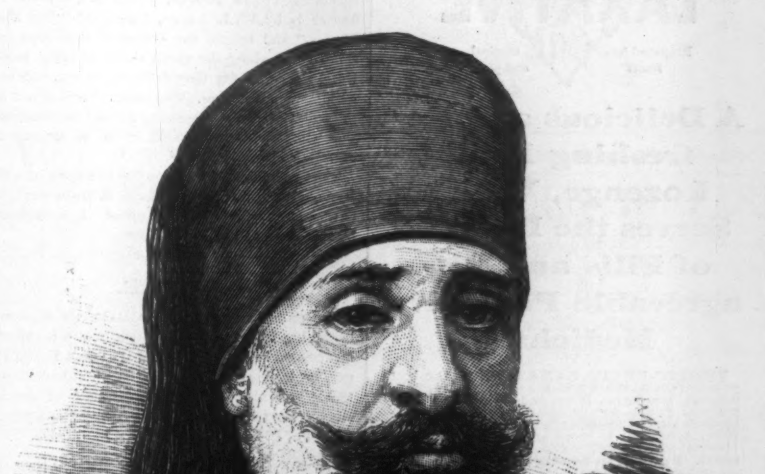
BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 335.]

more powerful, but Italy is nearer, and hence a large number of Italians have migrated thither, and form a wealthy and pushing colony. Italians run a line of steam-ships to Goletta, Italians have a concession for a railroad from Goletta to Tunis, and Italians occupy the highest commercial positions. Their political influence has kept pace with their mercantile energy, and the present Italian consul has exercised considerable power over the counsels of the Bey. He seems even to have induced him to entertain the idea of an Italian protectorate. It is stated, indeed, that during the late visit of King Humbert to Sicily this question was discussed, and an official dispatch from Palermo to the *Gazzetta Piemontese* informed the world that "yesterday the Tunisian minister, Selim, had an interview with M. Cairoli, and it is said that he demanded the protectorate of Italy for Tunis." That Italy should be inclined to accept such a protectorate is quite natural. She has no colonies, in the common sense of the word; the Bey is abandoned by his suzerain; the country is at her doors; and she may well feel confident that although France has made Algiers only a training-ground for her African generals, she could make Tunis a centre of civilization for Africa.

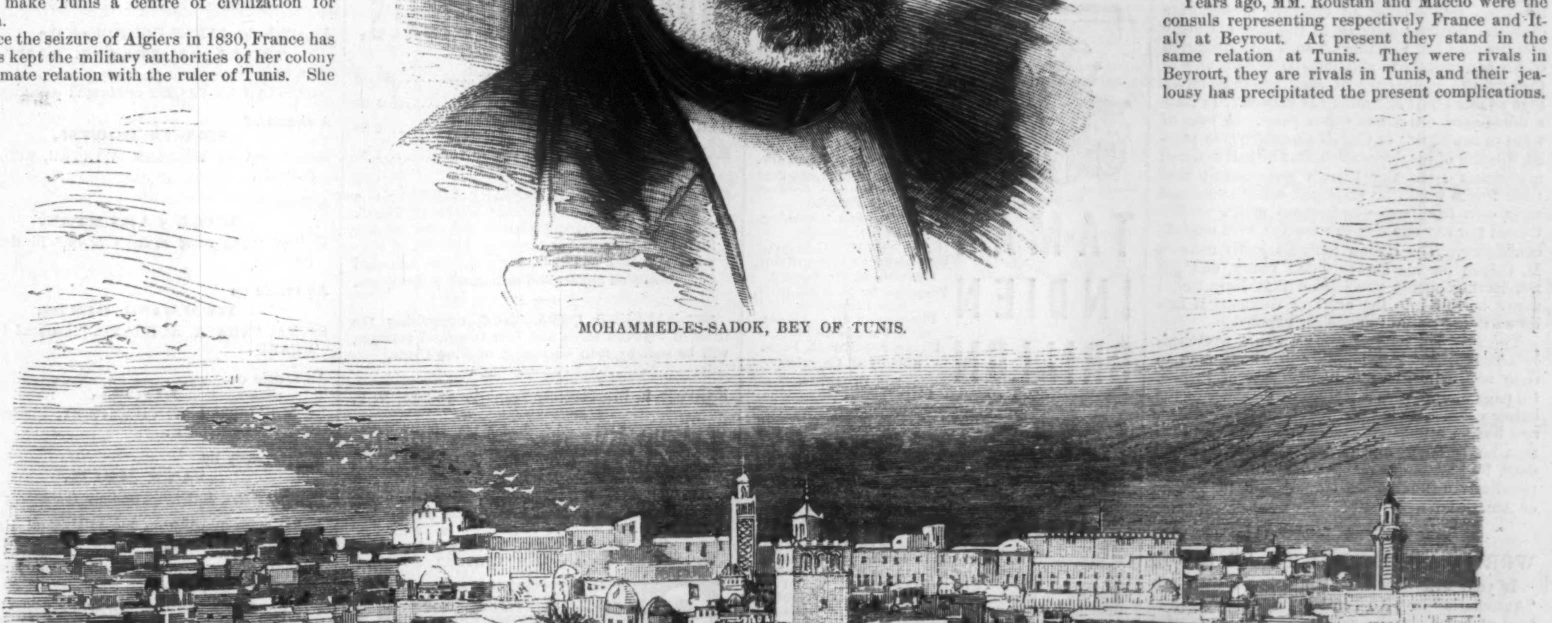
Since the seizure of Algiers in 1830, France has always kept the military authorities of her colony in intimate relation with the ruler of Tunis. She feared that the Mussulmans on whom she did not lay a heavy hand would foment disturbances in the tribes which reluctantly submit to her sway. Tunis, indeed, if it has not been the starting-point, has always been the refuge of the insurgents. Nor was France content with exercising an influence in Tunis; she sought to make it a dominant one; and whenever the Sultan of Turkey, the nominal sovereign, attempted to assert any authority, a French ship of war would anchor off the harbor, and prevent the Turkish vessels from approaching the shore. Moreover, the marauding habits of the tribes on the debatable land between the colony and the regency have furnished her with many opportunities of exercising military pressure on her defenseless neighbor.

That both nations coveted Tunis has long been evident. At the Berlin Conference, Prince Bismarck said to the Italian delegate, Count Corti, "Why do not you take Tunis?" while Lord Salisbury hinted to M. Waddington that he would wink at the annexation of Tunis by France, if France would wink at the annexation of Cyprus by England.

Years ago, MM. Roustan and Maccio were the consuls representing respectively France and Italy at Beyrout. At present they stand in the same relation at Tunis. They were rivals in Beyrout, they are rivals in Tunis, and their jealousy has precipitated the present complications.



MOHAMMED-ES-SADOK, BEY OF TUNIS.



THE CITY OF TUNIS.

Now comes a page out of the *Arabian Nights.* Among the slaves of the Bey was a bright Circassian boy named Khaireddin; he was honest, zealous, and loyal; he became the favorite, the confidant, the Prime Minister of the Bey; he was loaded with riches and honors, and his fame as a wise and sagacious servant spread over all the East. The Sultan himself heard of his wisdom, summoned Khaireddin to Constantinople, and made him ruler over his kingdom. In guarding his own interests, Khaireddin was no doubt very wise; he knew that as long as he was Grand Vizier his property at Tunis would be respected by his old master, but that the moment he fell from power his old master would confiscate it. He quietly and secretly mortgaged it to a company of French bankers at Marseilles. Khaireddin had forecast the future truly; he was too honest for Constantinople, and his tenure of office was very brief. The French bankers called on him to take up the mortgage, and as he professed himself unable to do so, they took steps to foreclose. The mortgaged estate, Enfida, near Tunis, was of enormous extent—it is said to be as large as the ordinary French arrondissement—and of great value.

The Bey did not want to see it in the hands of Frenchmen, and threw, at the suggestion of the Italian consul, numerous obstacles in the way of the creditors. They called in the aid of the French consul, and that functionary proceeded with his cavasses to Enfida to put them in possession. On the spot they were confronted by the Italian consul and another claimant. This gentleman was named Levy. He was undoubtedly a Jew. He was said to have been born at Malta. He professed to live at Gibraltar, and he called himself a British subject. He claimed a right of pre-emption in Khaireddin's estate by virtue of a Tunisian law which gives such a right to the owner of a conterminous property. The French consul styled Mr. Levy an impostor, and his claim a fraud invented by the astute Italian consul. He pointed out, too, that Mr. Levy's property did not adjoin Khaireddin's, for that wise man had, in the deeds of transfer, reserved a narrow strip of land all round the estate. It was now the Italian consul's turn to raise the cry of fraud. He pointed out that a kitchen-garden belonging to Mr. Levy was entirely within the reserved zone. At this period the British consul appears on the scene in support of the claim of his fellow-subject. It is not clear what his action was, except to further complicate matters, and to add to the perplexities of the Bey, who had been already worried into sickness by the knotty points of law laid before him by the contending infidels.

The journals of both the Latin nations entered into the strife. The Italians spoke of the Regency as an old Roman province over which Italy had never lost her rights. The French clamored about their long-tolerated influence, and the necessity of protecting the frontiers of their colony. At present the question has entered a warlike phase. France, under the pretext of chastising the marauding tribe of the Toumis, is taking the field with an army of thirteen thousand men, and has dispatched a fleet of eight ships of war from Toulon to the Bay of Tunis. She will doubtless insist on establishing an effective protectorate over the Regency, leaving to the Bey his army and revenue, but insisting on such a modification of his administrative and judicial system as will prevent the recurrence of such misunderstandings as this affair of Enfida has caused. In Italy a ministerial crisis has taken place. A vote of want of confidence in Cairoli's ministry was passed, in spite of his declaration that he had received assurances from the French government that their forces would be employed solely to protect their own frontiers — assurances which neither Cairoli nor any one else can receive with implicit confidence. The Italian journals justly censure M. Cairoli for his short-sighted policy, and for not having openly proclaimed that Italy would throw herself into the arms of Germany if molested in her natural desire for expansion.

The Tunisian soldiers are, as a rule, wretchedly armed, without discipline, and wholly unfit to cope with a civilized force like that of France. On page 339 we give a picture of a soldier of the better class. He is decently clothed and armed, and has an intelligent face. It will be observed that he beguiles his leisure, while on sentinel duty, by knitting, which would be considered a peculiarly unsoldier-like employment in Europe or America.

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There will be no interruption to my business in the Cooper Institute this Spring. As announced in my recent circular, I have given up the corner store, and am continuing the sale, selling off at cost in the middle stores. So, if looking for bargains, do not by mistake go in the corner store. In addition, the 15 per cent. discount, for cash, is continued for the present, and having extra trucks and wagons hired, goods are delivered instanter, if desired. Such another opportunity to furnish your house and table ware cheap may never occur in New York again. Alice Bassford, Executrix, estate of Edward D. Bassford, Cooper Institute, New York. Goods packed free and shipped on receipt of cash, or C.O.D. Every advantage guaranteed to mail orders same as if purchasers were present.—[*Adv.*]

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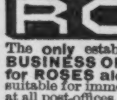

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NOTICE.

The publishers will furnish Harper's Magazine, beginning with the June Number (which is the commencement of Volume 63), and Harper's Young People, beginning with Number 80, published May 10, 1881 (containing the first instalments of the new serials), the two periodicals together for one year, on receipt of FIVE DOLLARS.

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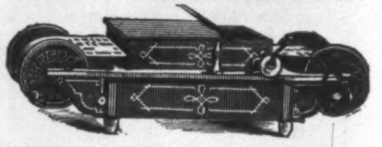

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To remove this fear, we have determined to adopt a plan of doing business which will convince every man, woman, and child that no pecuniary risk is run by those sending for this article.

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We do not think it amiss to mention right here that some of the proprietors and staff of this paper have at various times bought brushes from us and paid cash for them.

The Brush is warranted to relieve nervous headache in 5 minutes; bilious headache in 5 minutes; neuralgia in 5 minutes; to prevent falling hair and baldness; cure dandruff and diseases of the scalp; to promptly arrest premature grayness; to make the hair grow long and glossy; and immediately soothes the weary brain. When used as a flesh brush it cures rheumatism.

Space will not permit our printing here more than one testimonial out of thousands received, but we will gladly mail free our pamphlets on application. Please read this one, it is interesting and concerns you:

House of Representatives,
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For the first time in life I am induced to give a testimonial. Noticing in some paper an advertisement of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I sent $3 for one, and find it indeed a remarkable brush. My wife has for years suffered with headaches. *The brush cures them at once.* Several friends have used it for headaches, and *it has never failed.* My wife was also getting prematurely bald, but *the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth.* I use it to remove dandruff, and it works like a charm. Five times the cost would not buy my Brush if I could not replace it. To-day I bought of McAlmont, druggist, of this place, two brushes to send to friends who have tried mine and requested me to buy for them. Colonel Ponder, Mayor of Walnut Ridge, was attacked by a severe case of sick headache while at my house. *He was very sick.* My wife proposed to try the brush, which he finally consented to do, with no faith in it, however. In *three minutes he said he never felt better in his life,* and directed me to send him a brush. I have authorized McAlmont, the druggist, to use my name in recommending it. Yours truly,

GEORGE THORNBURGH,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Thornburgh is also Grand High Priest Royal Arch Masons and Past Grand Master of Masons of Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 12, 1881.

April 5, 1881.

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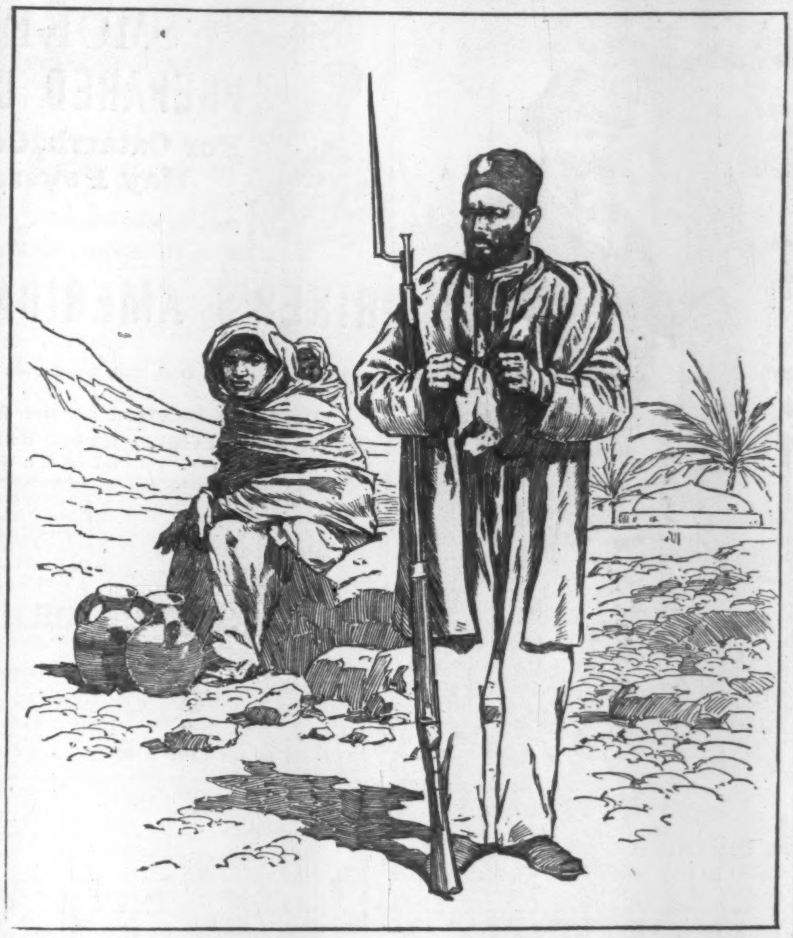

A TUNISIAN SENTINEL, KNITTING.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 336.]

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By using BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC LAUNDRY SOAP, for household and laundry purposes. It is first-class soap, containing Refined Carbolic Acid, which acts as a permanent disinfectant. The price per Cake, ¼ lb., 10 cts.; per box of 80 Cakes, 60 lbs., $6 00. The genuine has the name of the Sole Proprietors, **KIDDER & LAIRD**, printed on each wrapper.

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NOTICE.

Having reorganized our **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** we have assigned to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Upham's Asthma Cure *never fails.* Sold by all dealers. Only 50c. a box; by mail 60c. S. C. UPHAM, Philadelphia, Pa. **ASTHMA**

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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A full line to meet the season's demand of

Housekeepers' Needs:

Towels,	Table Damask,
Toweling,	Sheeting Linens,
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